

The Australian

Over 600,000
Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Published in Australia for
the Proprietor by post at a
subscription price.

May 26 1939

PRICE

3^d



Schoolboy BECOMES A SAILOR

By
**EVELYN
FRANCES**

I HAVE become Navy-conscious — a freak admission at this stage.

Until very recently the Senior Service had rarely crossed my path.

Now I peer at sailors in trams and streets. I try vainly to work out ranks for myself per medium of braid and caps. I sit outside on ferry boats in southerly gales to see ships. And navy-blue is my favorite color.

It all comes of having an ordinary seaman in the family.

He went to "sea" by train, and getting him off was a major effort in self-control.

There was a tense moment when one of my women friends, previously classed as "not a bad old girl," said cheerfully, "My dear, the war is sure to be over well before your training is finished."

She was only voicing everyone's hopes; that is, everyone who isn't just going into the Navy.

She has lost her place in popularity now, and is bunched in with a number of other "stupid females."

Three months ago he was a schoolboy travelling for a penny fare on the trams, in spite of his 17 years and height of 5ft. 2in.

I've always looked upon sailors as adults, though now, through my closer scrutiny of one and all, I am amazed at their extreme youth.

Even the odd rear-admiral or two whose faces I see in the newspapers seem remarkably well preserved.

It's a trifle difficult to reconcile in my mind the fact that turning

into an ordinary seaman must make my ex-schoolboy some kind of a grown-up.

During the two months or so after he enlisted he fumed and fussed, and waited to be stricken with some illness at the last moment.

That fear had some roots somewhere in the recruiting office, I gathered. There was vague muttering now and then about "keeping fit until called up," and the grass was cut with monotonous regularity for exercise.

I consoled my motherly dread of parting from my child by pretending it would be like getting him off to boarding-school again.

Once I went so far as to say so. It took some time to live down such mawkish sentimentality.

"Well, anyway, you mightn't go for months yet," I said.

And from then on I was practically forbidden to leave the house if the Ord. Seaman-elect went out, in case a telegram came summoning him to his training depot.

But there was no drama, and the long, official envelope arrived in one morning's mail.

Somewhat, I had the feeling that the Navy would be an open book to me once he got going. My mistake. The traditional silence starts apparently from the moment one signs the dotted line on the original application form.

Once or twice I was permitted to sign a form which had some minor significance in the matter of giving my consent to this seagoing career.

I do know that there were several early-morning rushes to be there on time for medical inspections.

I heard no details except that he passed them all.

A couple of days before he was actually going he announced in casual conversation and with a self-conscious grin that he was now on the payroll.

Once he unbent sufficiently to tell me that the "fellow" in the recruiting office was apt to use terms like "My Bonnies" when talking to the anxious groups awaiting despatch.

I got my instructions, too. There were to be no family reunions, and definitely no farewell parties for friends and neighbors. The budding sailor was specific about family behaviour at the train.

But we acted surreptitiously. Grandpa and others happened to drop in the day before he went.

Grandpa was smart

IN spite of the soft-pedal warning on sentiment, grandpa actually produced proofs of a photograph of himself and grandson.

He was a miracle of unconcern while he explained that they had been just walking past the studio of a friend and slipped in to see him, and were persuaded to be photographed together.

Silly, wasn't it?

Train time came without a hitch after a long day. It doesn't take long to stuff two pairs of pyjamas, a razor and a towel into a kitbag.

It doesn't even take long to sew on a label with minute stitches, and no time at all to slip an R.A.N.R. band over a civilian sleeve.

I took an extra pair of socks to the train for him, but they were scornfully rejected. "Don't be dotty, Mum. I won't be needing grey socks for years, and I've got one pair on," was all the thanks I got.

Quarter of an hour before the train went, my sailor boarded it. It was easier to dodge a farewell kiss that way. He didn't even relent when other mothers melted into sons' arms all round me.

He shook me warmly by the hand. "Well, good-bye, Mum," he said.

Now, I've had three letters, each one more affectionate than the last.

He wants air-mail stamps, and would appreciate the Sunday comics. He has made a will and got his kit, and won't be coming ashore to see

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—

"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water and a little perfume. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost, and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense.

"By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from sickness, grease or gum, and does not rub off. It should make any grey-haired person more youthful in appearance."



"WILL HE BE OLD ENOUGH to kiss me when he comes home on leave . . . or should I just extend the friendly hand?"

me for some time. The training depot is "beaut," a "terrific place covered with fairly new buildings."

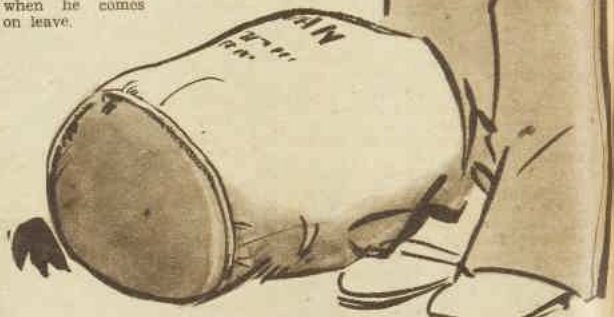
Hammocks are better to sleep in than beds. It's wonderful how much gear you can stow in small lockers when the civvy stuff is out. You carry your card inside your cap.

I have been graciously informed, too, that a certain insignificant note I was requested to write about leave had been presented to the master-at-arms who "approved" same.

I'd like to see him getting ready for those leaves. It would be worth a lot to witness his first attempt at the washing and ironing entailed, especially those seven creases in the bellbottoms.

His last letter ended with "much love to all, and most to yourself."

Perhaps he'll be old enough to kiss me when he comes on leave.



DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

*A Friend in need
for Pain after meals*

De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralizes excess acid in the stomach. Soothes and protects the stomach lining helping to digest your food. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:
STOMACH DISCOMFORT: A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water or milk after meals.
CHRONIC ACID STOMACH, GASTRITIS, DYSPEPSIA: One heaped teaspoonful in warm water before breakfast.
DISTURBED REST: One heaped teaspoonful in water before retiring at night.
Children can be given half-dose to allay stomach-ache, biliousness & similar ailments.



DeWitt's In sky-blue canisters, 2/6
ANTACID POWDER

*Sparkling
Versatility!*

**Sundek
Fabric**

VICTORY will bring
newer, brighter,
Sundek Fabric!

STILL YARDS AHEAD!

SHEILA IN THE SHADE

By BRETON AMIS

THIS was the last night before Stephen sailed, and Mrs. Alison had arranged a special farewell dinner for him. The idea that her daughter Sheila and Stephen might like to spend this last evening together never entered her head.

She'll keep the party going until late, Sheila thought miserably. Until too late for Stephen to say anything to me privately, even if he wants to.

He was in the Navy, just finishing a shore job, and Sheila was very much in love with him. She had wangled week-end leave from the W.R.N.S. to see him off.

If he were in love with her—and there were certain definite symptoms—he hadn't had a chance to say so. Her mother had seen to that.

Mrs. Alison was forty-one, but retained that fresh touch of sophistry and charm that makes a woman in the early forties so attractive.

Sheila loved her mother, who was generosity itself and the best of pals, but often she wished Mrs. Alison were a gentle, white-haired old lady in spectacles instead of a contemporary who shone so brilliantly that she put her daughter into perpetual shade.

It hadn't mattered much, up to now. Sheila had got used to bringing home friends whom her mother appropriated and devoured, but . . . Stephen was different.

Mrs. Alison didn't seem to notice the difference. She adored the sea—and sailors. Wasn't she a sailor's widow? She knew almost as much about the Navy as Stephen, and could talk enthralling shop about the naval bases dotted round the globe.

"I think she's great!" Stephen had enthused, after the first meeting. "More like your sister than your mother, Sheila. And has she seen the world! Lots of people have, of course, but your mother notices things . . ."

A long panegyric had followed. Sheila was used to listening to them. It always started like that, and went on until her mother wanted a change. Then, in the kindest possible way, Mrs. Alison would let her admirers know they were bores, and they quickly drifted away.

So far there were no signs of Stephen being faded out. All through the time he had been on shore he had been given to understand that, whether Sheila was home or not, he was expected to call regularly.

It was terrible—horrible—to be jealous of one's own mother. And worse still when one gave oneself away by demanding, hotly and furiously:

"Don't you think you've seen too much of him?"

That had been an hour ago. Mrs. Alison's exquisite eyebrows had been raised a fraction.

"Sheila, dear . . . is that quite a nice thing to say? After all, I'm nearly old enough to be Stephen's mother!"

"I know you are," Sheila had said bitterly, "but you don't behave like it."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Mrs. Alison had spoken so sharply that Sheila had fled into the garden like an over-sensitive schoolgirl reproved for her impertinence.

And like a schoolgirl she had rushed blindly to the hiding-place that had been her secret for years and years.

It was on the top of the shed where the garden tools were kept, and it was overhung by an ancient apple-tree growing next door.

In spring, one could lie gazing up through a maze of blossom; in summer, it was cool and shady; in the autumn there was stolen fruit.

Not really stolen, because Hilary, who owned the house next door, didn't mind. He had shared her secret from the first. When she was twelve he had spotted her peering at him from the branches, and had called:

"Hiding from your mother, Sheila? I don't blame you. I've been hiding from her for years, hence the seven-foot privet hedge I've grown between the houses."

"Why should you hide from my mother?"

"Because I know what isn't good for me," Hilary had gone on digging. "Whenever I see her I want to marry her, and that's an absurd idea, isn't it?"

Privately, Sheila had thought it was, because even eight years ago there were wings of grey on Hilary's dark hair, but she remembered saying, politely: "I think you'd make anyone a very good husband."

Hilary and her father had served in the same ship and were so inseparable that they'd taken neighboring houses.

She seemed to remember her

mother making a lot of fuss of Hilary in those days, only to fade him out when she was tired of him—just as Stephen would be faded out. They never came back.

Sheila drummed her toes on the asphalt roofing in a tattoo of anguish, and when she had finished dabbling at her eyes she saw Hilary rise up from the raspberry canes.

His startling blue eyes, in a very rugged face, regarded her solemnly.

"I'm cutting out the old wood to make room for the new," he explained. "A very necessary process. Almost symbolic, I'd say."

At the end of the row he straightened up and wiped his brow.

"That's a nice-looking lad you've brought home this time, Sheila," he said. "How's your mother? In fine form, and sparkling like champagne, I'd guess."

She didn't answer. Her silence seemed to irritate Hilary.

"You're a fool, Sheila!" he burst out. "You haven't your mother's looks and you haven't your mother's brains, and worst of all, you won't learn by experience."

"I thought you were my friend, Hilary, but . . . you don't understand. There isn't anything I can do. You've just told me my mother is more attractive than I am."

"Bah!" Hilary relit his pipe and flicked the match at her.

"Look here, Sheila, I've always been fond of you, but use your feminine logic. If there are orchids and honeysuckle in the same room, which do people look at? The orchids. The remedy for the honeysuckle is to transplant itself to pastures new, where the floral contrast is in its favor."

"I've transplanted myself to the W.R.N.S.," said Sheila sulkily, "but I've got to come home to see Stephen, and then I can never get him alone."

"Too bad," said Hilary, which wasn't very comforting.

It was a very special dinner, with Mrs. Alison in white lace that emphasised her ebony hair. Pearl studs adorned her small, elegant ears and there were pearls at her throat. She was all set to entertain and be entertained.

Stephen in uniform was an ornament to any table. Between them, Sheila felt like Cinderella before the fairy godmother appeared.

Stephen kept on looking at her—probably making unfavorable comparisons. At any rate, he was lost in thoughts of his own, for Mrs. Alison had to raise her voice quite sharply in the midst of a rather daring story of her adventures in the Port Said bazaars.

"I really do believe you're dreaming of your ship, Stephen, but that's always a sailor's first love, isn't it? We shall miss you when you sail, won't we, Sheila, dear?"

It was the sort of question that made Sheila want to weep again, but she didn't have to answer it. The door opened and Hilary walked in.

"Good evening, Natalie." He greeted them with his attractive smile. "Sorry to butt in while you're entertaining, but I wanted to see you."

Mrs. Alison seemed pleased to see him; she played better to an audience, especially a mixture of past and present. She introduced him to Stephen and made him sit down.

"You haven't seen me for so long, Hilary," she reproved, "that I wonder you recognise me."

"That's my cue," he said gallantly, "for saying that you look as lovely as ever, and you do, my dear. You don't look a day older than when I was courting you a quarter of a century ago."

There was the shortest silence, then Stephen laughed. "I can hardly believe that, sir! Why—it was before I was born!"

Hilary nodded. "She came to my coming-of-age party, a slip of a girl of eighteen—"

"Sixteen, Hilary, if you must be so accurate," said Mrs. Alison tartly.

"Well . . . we had great times together, although you married my best friend instead of me. Do you remember me proposing to you at the last night of 'Chu Chin Chow'—or was it 'Mary Rose'?"

"I've seen both," said Stephen. "Revivals, my boy, revivals. Remember, you weren't born then. Natalie was a bit younger than Sheila is now, and she certainly didn't take life so seriously. The girls of those days were a gay lot. Flappers, we called them, though most of the flappers are grandmothers by now."

"Good heavens, Hilary!" said Mrs. Alison irritably. "Must you? I hate reminiscences."

Please turn to page 15

"Sixteen, Hilary, if you must be so accurate," Mrs. Alison said tartly.





HOT NUMBER

By FRANK CORNISH



MIND, I'm telling you this in confidence, because Butch still wants to keep the real truth from his wife. Otherwise we would have run a bright little personal par in the sporting paper about the ex-champ. So don't go putting it round where it might come to Mildred's ears. Butch wants to keep his present lead on points at home, if he can.

You don't know Mildred? She's one of those petite, blue-eyed blondes with plenty of yellow curls—a real vest-pocket Venus. For all that Butch used to be welter-weight champion she rules him with a rod of iron. That is, she used to, until he won this dance competition—this new championship, I suppose you can call it. Butch is boss now—for as long as it lasts.

You didn't see the write-ups? Look at this item from a morning daily:

"NEW LAURELS FOR EX-WELTERWEIGHT"
"Butch" Lamb Now Jitterbug Champion.

"Springing a surprise on both sporting and dancing fraternities last night, ex-welterweight champion of Australia 'Butch' Lamb won the open novelty and burlesque section (scratch entries) at the Australian modern-style dancing gymkhana, and gained himself championship laurels in a new and unexpected field. Curiously, at the time of prize-giving, the new jitterbug champion could not be found, although a wildly enthusiastic crowd

called for him repeatedly. Finally his award was accepted on his behalf by his wife, who is well known in modern-style dancing circles and was one of the sponsors of the gymkhana."

I don't mind telling you I didn't believe it at first. I told the editor so when he asked me to get the real story for our own paper.

"There's something fishy," I said. "Butch can dance in a ballroom, and as light-footed as a boxer should be. But I know he hates jitterbug and jive and all that stuff. He and Mildred are always rowing over it. She used to be a trophy winner in her time."

"Maybe she's converted him," the editor said. "We could use a statement, at least, from Butch."

I've known Butch well since his fighting days. On my way out to see him later that week I read up the Dancing Times to find some sort of a lead. Here's the clipping. Read from here:

"Butch" Lamb's sensational novelty dance was introduced by a tremendous crash from the orchestra which drew everyone's attention to the cabaret floor. During the opening bars of the hot number which followed, another competitor, evidently mistaking his cue, was seen to start forward. But he drew back at once when Lamb, who was seated at a table on the edge of the dance-square, began his very original performance by leaping to his feet with a blood-curdling yell. From that moment all eyes were held by the ex-boxing champion.

"Darting away from his table he executed the most comical imitation of a man unexpectedly punched in the solar plexus. Then shaping up as if to an invisible opponent, he be-

gan to dance like a dervish, developing the fight motif by ripping open his vest and pulling off coat and vest together. With arms still in coat-sleeves he doubled up to another stomach punch delivered by his phantom opponent. In a deft, whirling action he freed himself of coat and vest. Then, arms and feet flying, he shadow-spurred into yet another solar-plexus punch.

There followed some of the fastest stepping ever seen on a dance floor. In quick succession the phantom sparring partner ripped tie, collar, braces, and dress-shirt from the frantic 'Butch,' who parried, reeled, twisted, and writhed to escape those relentless stomach punches. Finally, just as sartorial catastrophe threatened, the ex-welterweight champion, clutching his waist with both hands, fled 'off-stage,' doubled up once more in either well-simulated agony or a farewell bow . . ."

There's more of it, of course, but that gives you the idea. I just couldn't dope it out any way I looked at it.

Mildred met me at the door of their flat.

"Jim," she whispered rather anxiously, "will you do me a favor?"

Stronger men than I have tried to refuse Mildred and failed. Butch, for instance. So I agreed to do anything I could. But it surprised me when all she wanted was that I should try to persuade Butch to continue "exhibition dancing," as she called it. It seemed that he was reluctant.

"But if you can't persuade him, Mildred," I asked, "how can I or anyone else?"

"Nobody can!" boomed Butch himself, appearing in the lounge doorway in sports shirt and slacks. "Long time since we've seen you, Jim!"

Clearly the balance of power had altered in favor of Butch, for Mildred didn't come back at him with one of those swift cracks that used to rock him in a way no punch ever did. She just turned to me.

"What kind of a champion is it," she complained, "who won't accept further engagements?"

"A retired champion," Butch answered, grinning broadly. "I've got her going now," he boasted to me. "I always said there was nothing in this jitterbugging. Now I've proved it by becoming a champ at it overnight. She said I was too dumb to dance jive. I said it was beneath any real man. Well, she's had to take back what she said, but I still say it's beneath a man who is a man."

"Not only have I taken it back," admitted Mildred, "but I've been down on my knees almost, begging him to keep on using this special talent he's discovered and become—"

"Suppose," interrupted Butch, with a lordly air and a wink at me, "suppose you use that special talent of yours for making a cup of tea and forget about making a assay of me. Besides, I want a private word with Jim."

Then I saw what no friend of

Mildred and Butch would have believed a month back. Mildred merely made a face at him and went meekly to get the tea!

Butch gave me a triumphant leer. "She's eating out of my hand," he gloated. "I've had her guessing ever since that jitterbug rodeo."

"Me, too," I admitted. "I still can't believe the newspaper reports."

"Hah!" snorted Butch. "That shows how you newspaper fellers always get things wrong." He began to pull his shirt up out of his slacks. "See this?"

I looked once again on the solar plexus well known to the fight fans of seven years ago. A solar plexus which had taken a thousand heavy punches without hurt. The ex-champion had put on weight since those days, but he was still some athlete.

Over a space the size of my hand, from the top of his solar-plexus muscle to his waist, was a livid, mottled patch of inflammation.

"There's more round here, too," he said, baring his right side to show several minor patches as big as pennies.

"No phantom sparring partner gave you those!" I exclaimed.

"Phantom my foot!" growled Butch. "It was dead serious. I tell you. Look out—here she comes."

Hastily he tucked his shirt back, and we fell rather guiltily silent while Mildred went through to the dining-room for her auto-tray.

"I don't want her to know," Butch resumed in a low tone when Mildred was back in the kitchen. "She thinks I'm Christmas just now because she thinks I can 'cut a rug' to beat the best. And without training. Just natural. It's sort of made

me a champ again—and, what's more, a champ at her own game."

"But how did you get those marks on your stomach?" I insisted.

"I'll tell you," he said, lowering his voice again, and glancing toward the kitchen door.

"We're at the cabaret. We're sitting at a ringside table because Mildred is somebody among that crowd. I'm bored stiff with the whole corroboree. I'm just finishing a good cigar—the ash on it is an inch long, and nearly all glowing under the white, and the cigar itself is down to the last inch. Just as I'm taking the last draw or two the wife says: 'Butch! Fix your shirt!'

"I look down and there's my shirt gaping wide open. The stud's slipped, and half my chest is showing. The wife looks away, so as not to let on. Then, just as I'm about to fix it, the orchestra lets go with a bang like a bomb going off. I'm feeling a bit embarrassed, and I jump like a shot rabbit. My cigar falls out of my mouth . . ."

"First," continued Butch, "I look for the cigar on the table top. It isn't there. Then I let out a yell as it notifies me where it is. It's fallen inside my shirt—inside my stiff shirt."

"Well," said Butch, "you've read about what happens next . . ."

(Copyright)

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

IF IN BED

you lie sick and sad,
 Because you've influenza bad
 Or if a wheezy, chesty cold
 Upon your lungs has taken hold,
 To keep that cold from getting worse,
 You'll need but little from your purse;
 Relief with promptness you'll assure
 By taking **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**

Defy Greyness—
 and buy back 10 years
 of your life!

INECTO
 HAIR COLOURING

I'D HATE TO BE A WOMAN
 —and have to wash dishes every day

OH, IT'S NO TROUBLE THESE DAYS, DAD

NOT SINCE I BEGAN USING RINSO, IT GIVES A DISHFUL OF THICK, RICH SUDS THAT DISSOLVE GREASE IN A JIFFY

LOOK! WE'VE FINISHED ALREADY... AND SEE HOW EVERYTHING SPARKLES

WHY DEAR—THAT WAS QUICK, DIFFERENT FROM WHEN WE USED OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS

RINSO IS JUST AS MARVELLOUS FOR DISHES AS FOR CLOTHES. NO SMEARY CROCKERY. NO NASTY SCUM ON THE WATER EITHER

Rinso

Through a Glass Darkly

By F. RICHARD SALMON



MISS WAYNE had been John Matheson's secretary for twelve months, and during that period had given unfailing attention to the work.

Matheson did not feel he owed her any special thanks for that, since that was what he paid her wages for. Nevertheless, he appreciated her in an impersonal way, rather as he appreciated the smooth efficiency of his car engine. He was not conscious of her as a human being, much less as a woman, mainly, perhaps, because she neither obtruded her sex nor claimed privileges on account of it.

He had never consciously noticed Miss Wayne, and he was not curious about her. He never wondered about her life away from the office, because it never occurred to him that she had one.

John Matheson had two personalities, as distinct as summer and winter. Outside the office he was a friendly, amiable soul, considerate and generous with his money, and good company besides. But in business hours winter set in, and he froze at once into a hard, terse icicle of a man, counting his change and giving nothing away.

In the office he persistently saw other businessmen as cut-throats and his employees as cogs in his scheme of things. His hair was greying about his ears, giving him a frosty appearance and making him look more than his thirty-nine years.

His firm was busy on war production, and he had been working furiously, never sparing himself, and he was beginning to show signs of physical and mental strain. Miss Wayne had noticed it lately, observing particularly the furrows deepening between his eyes. She noticed it especially one sunny morning as she went into his office in answer to his ring. His face

"It looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it?" she said.

was sallow and drawn, and his eyes were heavy as if he had not slept.

He glanced up briefly from the documents heaped on his table and answered her bright "good morning" curdly. She looked tired, too, but he did not notice. She sat down, her pencil poised over the pad on her knee, and he began to dictate. He spoke rapidly, his preoccupied eyes watching her slim hand fluttering lightly over her pad, pausing now and then to rest like an alighting bird.

Unconsciously his eyes always sought her hands when he dictated. There was something about their swift fluency that assisted his flow of thought. They were beautiful hands, sensitive, serene, and creative; but he did not see their beauty. He saw only that they were not inefficient.

"That's all, Miss Wayne," he said at length. "Please have them ready for signing immediately after lunch."

She left the room, and he sat back with a sigh and lit a cigarette.

He felt tired and listless, and he could not make the effort to go out to lunch, so he sent for some sandwiches and a bottle of milk, and lay back in his chair staring out of the window and munching slowly.

It was pleasant there with the early spring sun streaming through the window. He was dimly conscious of the rhythmic tapping of a typewriter, but it did not occur to him that Miss Wayne had not paused for lunch. It was soothing to the senses, that muffled tapping. A blowfly buzzed faintly from somewhere, an opening solo to the symphony of spring. A delightful drowsiness overcame him, and he dozed with the sun warm on his neck.

Promptly at two o'clock Miss Wayne came into the room, and he sat up blinking at the neat stack of

correspondence which she laid on his table.

"Thanks . . . Oh, by the way, I shall want you back again to-night, I'm afraid. A ton of work to get through. I shall be back at seven—sharp." He nodded, vaguely aware that she had smiled, and took up his pen.

He left the office at six o'clock, returning at seven to the minute, to find Miss Wayne waiting for him. He sat down, putting on his glasses, sighed, and sat frowning at the documents in front of him. She sat quietly watching him, her pencil poised alertly.

"Well," he said sharply, "we must get started, or we'll be here all night."

HE was working on an intricate matter, and once or twice he pressed his knuckles to his eyes. The night grew late and the building fell silent. A door banged suddenly in the distance with violent finality, and footsteps receded down the corridor, leaving an air of desertion and an immense stillness.

John Matheson went on dictating and Miss Wayne's pencil flew over her pad, scratching faintly in the silence. Presently he paused and lit a cigarette, half-closing one eye against the smoke. She watched him covertly from under her lashes. Then her eyes began to droop and she stirred quietly in her chair, shaking her head a little as if tossing the sleep from her.

"Will you read that last paragraph back, please." His voice had a harsh note.

She had a low voice, rather husky, a pleasant, soothing voice as sweetly thrilling as a dove's song at dusk, but to him it was a mere mechanical recording.

He pressed out his cigarette as she finished reading, and drummed his fingers on the table.

"I must have that contract from the department," he said. "It's in the strongroom, I suppose."

"Yes. I put it there myself. It's rather confidential."

He grunted and stood up, feeling for his keys.

"I'll come with you," she said. "I know just where it is."

They went down to the basement, their footsteps ringing through the empty corridors, and, unlocking the heavy steel door of the strongroom, he pulled powerfully, releasing a stale, fetid breath from the vault. They went in, and Matheson, feeling for the switch, muttered under his breath.

"Light's gone bung," he said, and struck a match. "Now, where did you put that contract?"

"Over here." She went over to a shelf, and he followed her, holding out the match.

"Here it is."

The match went out, and, striking another, he peered at the document.

"That's it," he said, and he went to the door to find that it had swung shut. He pushed against it, using his strength, but it did not yield, and he remembered suddenly that he had left the keys hanging in the lock outside.

Miss Wayne brushed lightly against him in the darkness.

"What's the matter?"

"The door seems to have closed, somehow," he said.

"Can't you open it?"

He struck another match.

"No . . . I'm afraid we're locked in."

"Oh!" She gave a little whispered gasp.

They stood very still in the silent blackness, listening to their own breathing.

A realisation of the danger of their position swept over Matheson in a cold flood. The strong-room was an old-fashioned one, large, solid, and steel-lined, its only safety device an electric alarm. The door could be unlocked from the inside, but he had no key. He felt a sudden upsurge of panic, but he fought it back instantly and strove to fix his mind on other things. He was suddenly conscious of Miss Wayne standing close beside him.

Until now he had not considered her, and the thought of her came as a shock. The realisation that he was sealed in this black, airless tomb with a woman caused his mind to shrink with horror. He wondered what her thoughts were in the darkness, and if she realised the hopelessness of their plight.

"It looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it?" she said presently.

He was surprised at the evenness of her tone; there was no hint of panic or what he most dreaded, hysteria. He felt vaguely comforted, but he hesitated to answer. He didn't know what to say.

"I think it's better to face the facts," she said. "If you know the worst that can happen, it is never quite so bad. Talking about it helps too. Putting it into words makes it more commonplace and stops your imagination making a fool of you . . . Don't you think so?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I'm sure you are right. I'm glad you see it that way. Well, the worst that can happen is that we remain here until the morning. We're completely cut off. There's the electric alarm, of course, but it's late, and there's no one left in the building except ourselves. Only a miracle can get us out of here—to-night." He almost said "alive."

"I believe in miracles," she said. John Matheson was silent.

"We must keep the alarm ring-

ing," she went on. "Someone might hear it. Have you a match?"

She took one from the box he offered her and carefully split it.

"Now," she said. "Where's that alarm?"

He lit a match, holding it close to the wall, while she pressed in the alarm button and wedged the match hard against it in its socket.

"There!" she said. "That will keep it ringing."

The match went out, and there was something of violence in the sudden overwhelming blackness.

"It looks as if we are going to be here for a long time," he said. "We may as well be comfortable."

He felt his way to the wall and taking some heavy ledgers from a shelf he placed them in two stacks on the floor.

"Here," he said, groping for her arm. He guided her to the ledgers and they sat down beside each other, leaning their backs against the wall. He took out his cigarette case.

"Cigarette?"
"I don't think we should."

JOHN MATHESON snapped the case shut, silently cursing his foolishness. The air would soon be foul enough without cigarette smoke.

They fell silent.

"We can't last out until the morning, can we?" she said presently. It was a statement of fact rather than a question.

He hesitated, moving uneasily, and she said, "Let's face up to it. Please. I'd rather."

"All right. I understand. Well, we can't possibly hang out until the morning. This place is quite air-tight."

He heard her release her breath in a faint sigh.

"We've done all we can," she said. "We can only wait—and hope."

"Yes."

"We mustn't give up hope."

"No," he said. "No."

They grew silent again. His watch ticked loudly in the silence.

"This won't do," she said suddenly. "We can't just sit here like this. Let's talk about something."

He recognised a note of urgency in her voice.

"All right," he agreed. "What shall we talk about?"

"Anything. Let's tell each other our life-stories."

"You begin then. Mine's not very interesting."

"Everyone's life-story is interesting."

"To themselves, no doubt."

She chuckled and he felt pleased that he had amused her.

"Well, I'm looking forward to hearing the autobiography of John Matheson."

"You first," he insisted. "It's your idea." He wanted to keep her talking, to keep her mind occupied.

She was silent for a moment; then she said: "All right, then. Well, I was born in a little country town in the year 1820." She paused as if collecting her thoughts, and he reflected: "That makes her twenty-five. She's too young to die here like this in the dark."

"It was a funny little town," she went on. "It still is. It hasn't changed in a hundred years and I hope it never does. We had an orchard nearby. It's always lovely, but at blossom time it takes your breath away. The smell of orange blossom after the rain is the most beautiful perfume in the world. It is the first scent that really impressed me. I was wandering in the orchard and the scent was so lovely I wanted to cry. Then a bee stung me and I did. That is one of my earliest recollections. There's a gap after that . . ." she went on, gathering fluency as she spoke.

Please turn to page 15



Everything petroleum can provide at present has been made by Atlantic affiliates. Rubber, explosives, medicines, paints, rust preventives, roads, fuels and oils of all types. Many new products, now generally used, have been *discovered* by them!

Allied Governments have relied on the experience and resources of Atlantic associates, who are the oldest and largest refiners in the world. Their vast accumulated knowledge will be eventually diverted to the service of man's peace-time progress.

For quality—trust Atlantic!



ATLANTIC PRODUCTS

for Industry - Agriculture - Transport

A2

ATLANTIC UNION OIL COMPANY LIMITED (Incorporated in Australia)

PASTORAL

When SECTION-OFFICER GERVASE ROBERTSON refuses FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT PETER MARSHALL'S offer of marriage, Marshall's work deteriorates badly. Owing to friction with his navigator, SERGEANT-PILOT GUNNAR FRANK, and his rear-gunner, SERGEANT PHILLIPS, a series of mishaps overtakes his bomber, R for Robert, after a raid, and CORPORAL LEECH, the wireless operator, is wounded.

Badly off their course, due to a mistake of Marshall's, they are about to land at a strange aerodrome, when SERGEANT COBBETT, the flight engineer, shouts that another plane is directly under them.

Now read on:

MARSHALL looked quickly down through his side window, but could see nothing. Gunnar Frank shouldered Cobbett back from the open hatch, and knelt down at it himself. "Lancaster, Cap," he said, "about a hundred feet below, on the same course, going in to land. Better go round again."

Marshall thought quickly. They had no fuel to go round again; to try that could only mean disaster. Better to put his trust in the captain of the Lancaster to land according to the book, and to hope that the far end of the runway was soft. He said: "Okay, Gunnar. Put out navigation lights, Cobbett. Gunnar, stay at the hatch and tell me how we go. I'm going to land over him, and chance it."

Cobbett screwed himself round to the instrument board and put out the lights. Marshall said: "Gunnar, tell me how we go. I want to keep fifty feet above him, and land in front of him."

With a dry mouth the Dane said: "Okay, Cap. He is now going ahead of us, and sixty or seventy feet below. You should now see his wing from your window." And then urgently: "He has throttled; he is falling away below us now."

"Okay," said Marshall quietly. "I see him."

He throttled back the one engine that was running and sank after the Lancaster toward the landing lights.

"Cobbett!" he said urgently. "Quarter flaps down."

He sat motionless at the controls, his face turned to the open window at his side, watching the Lancaster intently. If it went on to make a normal landing they would be all right, provided that the captain of the Lancaster kept his head.

For a moment he considered landing in the black, unknown terrain beside the runway. It would probably be quite all right provided that the ground was hard, but on a strange aerodrome in April would the ground be hard? He felt that of the dangers that lay round about them he preferred the danger of collision with the Lancaster upon the ground.

He said: "Sergeant Phillips. Get back to the turret and plug in the intercom. I'm landing ahead of this Lanc. When we're down on the

runway, tell me how we go, so that I can keep ahead of it."

They were very low now, and the lights were near. The pilot ordered half flap; they sank down with the Lancaster toward the ground at something over a hundred miles an hour.

Gunnar had moved to the bomb-aimer's window. He said: "Cap, he is down."

"Okay," Marshall drawled absently.

His hand moved on the throttle; the note of the one engine rose in a slow burst and slowly died again. They levelled and swept over the big machine as it ran down the runway and sank down ahead of it. Marshall said: "Navigation lights now, Cobbett—quick. Rear-gunner—how do we go?"

Phillips said: "Well ahead of him." The wheels touched on the ground; the machine bounced, sank, and touched again. Phillips said suddenly: "Keep going, Cap—he's closing up on us."

Marshall moved his hand upon the throttle very slightly; they ran on tall up. The dim lights of the runway flashed past them one by one; they were very near the end of it. Without more ado he closed the throttle firmly. The tail sank to the ground and the last light loomed up to them; he pulled the wheel hard back and pressed the brakes on to the utmost that he dared. The drums squealed, the tail bounced light upon the ground, and the Wellington ran on past the last light, down a little hill, and on to the grass.

Sergeant Cobbett switched off the engine and turned off the petrol; they ran on, slowly now, until the port wing hit a post and felled it, slewing them round to port with a tangle of telephone wires across the fuselage. So R for Robert came to rest, somewhere in England, after bombing Mannheim.

Marshall travelled back to Hartley in the train next day by way of London and Oxford. He travelled with his crew in a third-class compartment; the fact that they might not travel in first-class comfort with him added its quota to his black mood.

They were all short of sleep. They had, in fact, spent the night battling with trouble ever since they had put down at Whitland. They had dropped out of the fuselage hatch down on to the ground in the black darkness, landing one by one into a bed of stinging-nettles. Getting to their feet, most of them had fallen again over the telephone lines that lay draped over R for Robert, and the remains of the little short telegraph-pole that they had felled.

Stumbling back to the runway to find somebody to fetch an ambulance for Leech, they had come upon the sergeant-pilot of the Lancaster, now stopped upon the runway a short way behind them. The sergeant-pilot was considerably shaken and told Marshall all that lay upon his mind; he did not know that he was speaking to an officer and would not have altered one word if he had known. In the end Marshall had to appeal to the crew of the Lancaster, now gathering in the darkness.

"For heaven's sake put a sock in it," he had said.

"Which of you is the radio operator?"

"You? Well, get back in your machine and call up your control, and tell them I want an ambulance down here at once for my own operator. And look sharp, or I'll put you on a charge."

The ambulance came presently, and with it lights and a young medical officer; they got Leech carefully out of the machine and saw him carried off.

A truck materialised out of the night and took them to the control office. Marshall, reporting to the control officer, was received with some coldness and was informed that by his act he had cut off the station from all contact with the outside world except by radio. His comment on a station that was served by overhead lines at the runway's end did not help the matter.

The three sergeants were taken to the sergeants' mess, where they were given a meal and camp-beds hastily arranged. Marshall had to wait till four in the morning before traffic on the W/T permitted him to send his message to Hartley stating very briefly what had happened to R for Robert. He had then slept

it," he had said.

"Which of you is

the radio operator?"

"You? Well, get

back in your machine and call up

your control, and tell them I want

an ambulance down here at once

for my own operator. And look

sharp, or I'll put you on a charge."

The ambulance came presently,

and with it lights and a young

medical officer; they got Leech carefully

out of the machine and saw him

carried off.

A truck materialised out of the

night and took them to the control

office. Marshall, reporting to the

control officer, was received with

some coldness and was informed

that by his act he had cut off the

station from all contact with the

outside world except by radio. His

comment on a station that was

served by overhead lines at the run-

way's end did not help the matter.

The three sergeants were taken to

the sergeants' mess, where they

were given a meal and camp-beds

hastily arranged. Marshall had to

wait till four in the morning before

traffic on the W/T permitted him

to send his message to Hartley stat-

ing very briefly what had happened

to R for Robert. He had then slept

By NEVIL SHUTE

for a few hours on the bed in the control office.

Morning found them gathered at R for Robert, sourly inspecting the damage. Until the cowings were stripped off it was difficult to estimate the full damage, but clearly the aircraft was in no condition to fly back to Oxfordshire.

Marshall went back to the Headquarters office, made his apologies to the Group-Captain, and asked for air transport. The weather was poor, so they gave him a railway guide.

All the afternoon and evening they sat together in a crowded third-class carriage in a packed train, dozing and shifting restlessly. A mood of the blackest depression had descended on the pilot. After so many operations it was an acute personal grief to him that he had pranged his Wimpey. It was clearly in his mind, far too clearly, that the cause of their misfortune was an error of his own, a gross and unpardonable mistake in navigation.

But for the Grace of God, he thought, they'd all have been cold meat; a fit and proper end for the incompetent, but bad luck on the chaps that had to crew for him. The fact that they had been so decent to him, with never a word of reproach, only made it worse. Now he would have to tell the Wing-Commander all about it, but what to tell, or how to explain their trouble, left him utterly defeated.

Moreover, to top everything, they had to travel for ten hours in a slow railway train to get to Oxford just before midnight, and that was eleven miles from Hartley Magna. If he

had any sense at all, he thought, he'd go and cut his throat.

There was transport to meet them at Oxford, and they got back to the station shortly after midnight. Marshall got down from the truck, and, carrying his parachute and harness, went into the mess.

In the ante-room the lights were on still; he stuck his head in at the door, and there was Pat Johnson sitting by the fire.

"Evening," he said. "There's some beer and sandwiches here if you want it."

Marshall hesitated, a little touched at the thought, and went forward into the room. "These trains," he said awkwardly. "And then he said in explanation: 'I had to leave Robert up there.'"

Mr. Johnson nodded. "We guessed you would. Bring the boys back with you?"

"All but Leech. Got him into hospital."

"Bad?"

"Not very."

He turned to the side table and took a sandwich and poured himself a glass of beer.

Pat Johnson said: "What sort of a place is Whitland?"

"Awful."

"How did you come to get up there?"

"They had been friends for a year, and there was no one else in the room. Marshall said bluntly: 'I put the wrong course on the compass.'"

"Many a better man than you has done that, laddie," said his com-forter. "All be the same in a hundred years."

"I don't know what I'm going to tell Wimco."

"I know what I should tell him."

"No, Sir. I don't want any change," Sergeant Phillips said.

"What?"

"Tell him you put the wrong course on the compass. So what?" Pat Johnson got up and yawned. "I'm going to bed."

Marshall took a couple of the sandwiches in his hand. "I'm coming, too. Did everything else get back all right?"

Mr. Johnson nodded. "You were the only mutt. It was: Where is my wandering boy to-night? until we got your signal. Your young woman got into a proper state, she did."

Marshall stared at him. "My young woman?"

"The black-haired one, the one you gave the pike to. Fair blubbing her eyes out, she was. I had to muscle in and do a bit of comforting, old boy—as between friends, I mean, I thought you wouldn't mind." He dodged hastily and made off upstairs before Marshall, cumbered with his flying-suit and parachute, could come up with him.

There was an element of truth in what he said. Gervase had been on duty at Group headquarters that night. She had watched the girls working the bearing upon R for Robert during all three fixes that they had asked for, had seen them transmit to the leading station. She had marked down the first fix on the plot that they kept and had stared at it in dismay; thereafter all her work became a nightmare.

She had slipped in the little message of good cheer to them quite irregularly; that was all that she could do. After that she had to go on with her work as if nothing was happening. In her misery her training gave her strength. All the other machines asking for fixes were asking for her help. She did not fall them.

Please turn to page 19

FACIAL HAIRS

PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY REMOVED

BY THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC RAY TREATMENT

Success when other treatments fail.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT.

Many years' experience. I personally give treatment to each client.

HELEN DONALD

SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED

Suite 703, 7th Floor, ST. JAMES BUILDINGS, 109 Elizabeth St., Sydney. Phone, M3138.



I GIVE WRITTEN GUARANTEE to refund all fees paid if hairs return after treatment, or if others grow in their place.



EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

Keeps the hair young.

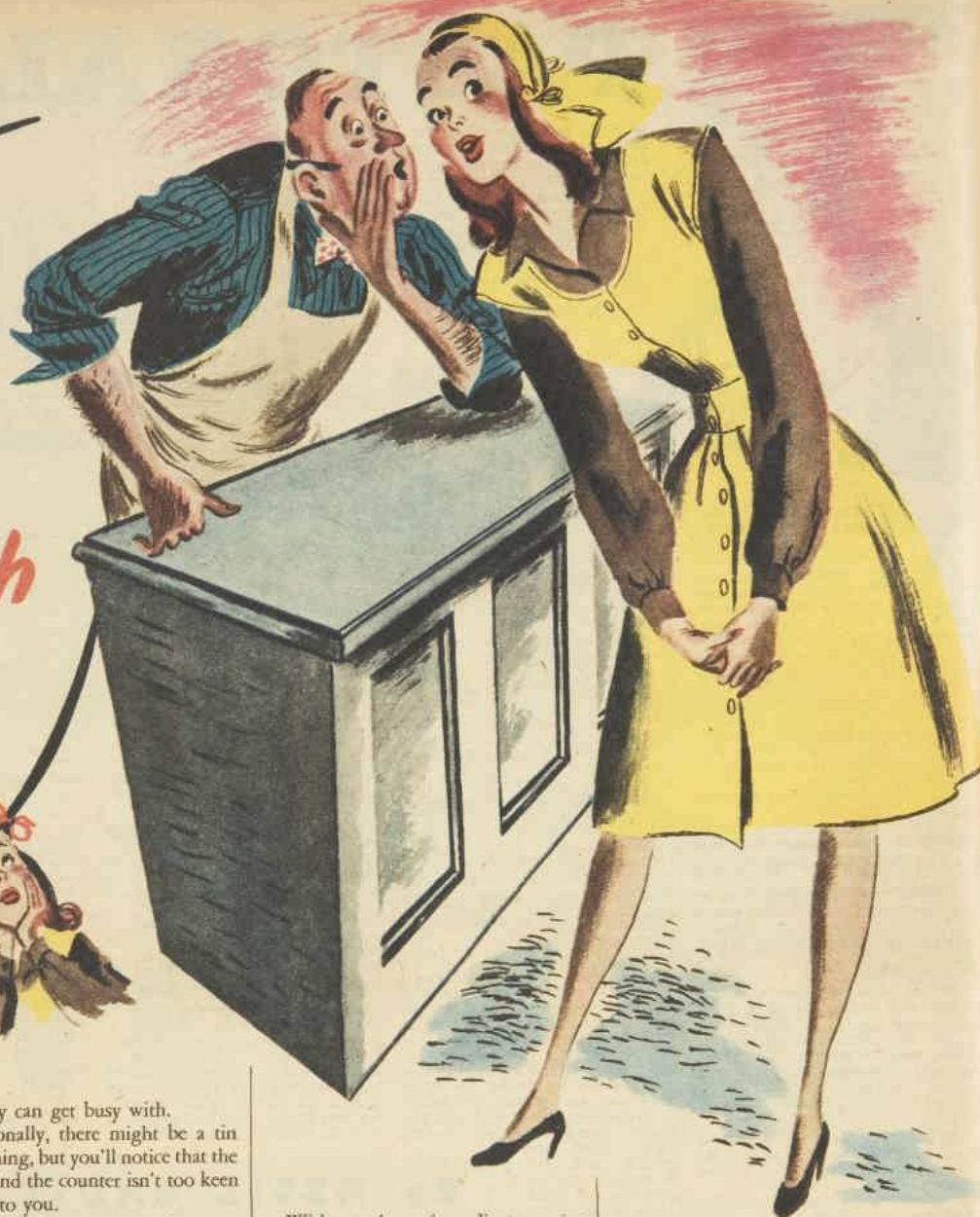
BLOTCHY SKIN

RELIEF! marred by spots, rashes and pimples is quickly cleared by Cuticura Ointment. It assures skin health. Always keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment in the house. Good for cuts, bruises and sores. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder. 533

Cuticura OINTMENT

Take the
Storekeeper's word
for it...

the
GOOD
paints
are worth
waiting
for!



It's only natural that you want to brighten up your home... it's years now since any worthwhile paints have been available for you to do those little painting jobs that always kept your



rooms looking fresh and different, and full of lovely colour.

We know that more and more women are going to stores every day, just to see if there's a tin of some sort of

paint they can get busy with.

Occasionally, there might be a tin of something, but you'll notice that the man behind the counter isn't too keen to sell it to you.

It's not because he wants it for somebody else. It's simply that he wants to guard his store's reputation for selling only good paints.

You see, he knows — and we know — that it will be some time yet... only months, perhaps... before the vital materials will be available for pre-war quality paints for civilian use.

Paints that are on sale today just don't have those materials in them.

Without those ingredients, paint lets you down in four ways.

- (1) *Slow and sticky drying, rough finish.*
- (2) *Lack of hardness.*
- (3) *Absence of gloss.*
- (4) *Fading of colours.*

Now, you don't want to go doing a lot of painting — furniture, or woodwork, or anything else — if it's going

to look shabby again in next to no time. Do you?

Of course, you don't. So, take the storekeeper's word for it — good paints containing all the ingredients of pre-war days are worth waiting for. We, at Taubmans, are doing all we can to bring them to you as quickly as we can... Dynamel in all its brilliant gloss colours. Dulsetta for walls and woodwork. Our full range of longer-lasting house-paints. And the one and only Solpah that wears like iron on floors and all walked-on surfaces.

**Yours Truly
TAUBMANS PAINTS**



OUR EDITOR REPORTS from San Francisco



MRS. H. V. EVATT, who has addressed a number of women's clubs in California.



SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE in session. Front row, extreme right, Britain's Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. C. Attlee, and, next to him, Foreign Minister Anthony Eden.



MR. FRANK FORDE, chairman of the Australian delegation, with Mrs. Forde at a special concert at San Francisco Auditorium.

Finds wives of Australian delegates lead busy lives

By ALICE JACKSON

If the helpful, co-operative spirit manifest on every hand in San Francisco to-day can be diffused and sustained throughout the nations represented here, then the post-war world will be a good place indeed.

Everyone is interested and eager for the success of the plans being perfected at the constant sessions and committee meetings.

TYPICAL is the eager, intelligent service of the elevator girls in the large hotels requisitioned for delegates and the Press.

"We take so many nationalities up and down," one girl told me, "that we're picking up all sorts of foreign phrases."

"Every time we get together we pool our knowledge and sort out what the languages are. It all helps."

"People like to hear you say 'Good morning' to them in their own language. It shows we're willing, even if we don't quite catch on to the accent."

Passport to attendance at the San Francisco Conference is a pretty red enamelled badge, rimmed in white and adorned in a gilt design with a globe flanked by laurel leaves.

It is a talisman, also, which ensures its wearer constant friendly assistance.

While Australia's delegates, Mr. Forde and Dr. Evatt, are working almost ceaselessly at the task of sandpapering down to absolute smoothness the machinery which is to inaugurate a new world, their wives are working almost as strenuously on the many human personal angles of promoting general goodwill.

All Australian members and their staffs are at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel.

Mrs. Forde attended all the plenary sessions, and made a close study of the issues involved. She has gone over the Kaiser shipbuilding yards, Douglas and Lockheed aircraft plants, and naval establish-

MRS. ALICE JACKSON, editor of *The Australian Women's Weekly*, is visiting San Francisco, where she interviewed Mrs. Frank Forde and Mrs. H. V. Evatt, wives of Australia's delegates to the San Francisco Conference. Mrs. Jackson is impressed by the spirit of co-operation and helpfulness in the conference city, where delegates from 46 nations are planning world organisation to prevent war.

ments, and had just returned from a visit to pre-school clinics of the city when I called on her.

She was full of admiration for the excellent medical care given to pre-kindergarten children and continued after their entrance to school.

This work makes a special appeal to her. Devoted to her own home, she is feeling the separation from her family.

"But I wouldn't have missed all the marvelous experiences I've had in the past months for anything," she said.

Happy rendezvous

MRS. EVATT is always busy. The Evatts' suite, which is sandwiched in between the Panamanians and the Greeks, is a happy rendezvous for tea drinkers.

Mrs. Evatt makes the tea on the spot, good, strong Australian brew, which is measured by teaspoons directly into the teapot, and not robbed of its aroma and general kick by being sewn up into little calico bags and immersed in water below boiling point.

Because the period of official mourning for Mr. Roosevelt did not end till May 12 there were no big formal parties in the opening weeks of the conference, but last week Mrs. Evatt gathered together in their suite a host of friends, old and new, to celebrate the fifty-first birthday of her husband.

English guests included Foreign Minister Anthony Eden and Deputy Prime Minister Mr. Attlee, Ambassador to U.S.A. Lord Halifax and Lady Halifax, Miss Ellen Wilkin-

son, M.P., and Dominions Secretary Lord Cranborne and Lady Cranborne.

A considerable amount of Mrs. Evatt's time is devoted to visiting different delegates and promoting general friendliness.

She is also in great demand as speaker at women's clubs, and has spoken on her experiences in London, France, and Australia at the Berkeley City Women's Club and the Sarah Dix Hamlin School for Girls.

On her journey abroad Mrs. Forde flew the whole distance from Sydney, the last lap of the outward hop to England in the Liberator which made the first direct flight from Washington to London in the record time of fourteen hours fourteen minutes.

Highlights of her seventeen days' stay in London were the hours her husband and she spent as guests of the King and Queen, and later with Queen Mary.

The Queen had a long informal chat with her.

"She told me she missed the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester very much," Mrs. Forde said. "At the time, too, she was concerned about Prince William's ear trouble."

"I also talked a while with the lovely, dashing Duchess of Kent."

"She told me she, too, missed the Gloucesters, and that she couldn't help feeling sad when she farewelled them, because it recalled afresh her tragic loss and all the plans she and the Duke had made for the life they hoped to have in Australia."

Mrs. Forde likes meeting people. She recalls with pleasure her meeting in Paris with Madame De Gaulle and her daughters, and also with Eve Curie.

A very feminine observation she made was that the only times she



MRS. JESSIE STREET (left), Australia's woman delegate, and Miss F. O'Connor, member of the Australian secretarial staff.

saw large white dinner-cloths used instead of mats were at Queen Mary's and Madame De Gaulle's parties.

"They were perfectly lovely cloths," said Mrs. Forde, who has cherished for years her own large, white linen dinner-cloths.

"It's most stimulating to meet so many brilliant people of different nationalities here," she added. "I especially enjoyed meeting the Saudi Arabians, Egyptians, Cubans, and representatives from the South American States."

Grateful relatives

"BUT most of all," she continued, "I love the way women constantly come up to me and tell me they are so grateful for the friendly welcome Australia gave their sons, and brothers that they want to do anything in their power for us."

Mrs. Evatt has accomplished so much since she arrived in San Francisco that she finds it difficult to realise that it is only about a fortnight ago since she was in Paris.

"I found Paris most heartening," she said. "The touchstone of values

was how people had behaved during the period they refer to as 'the resistance,' and never 'the occupation.'

"For example, they will say, 'You can trust Pierre. He was grand under the resistance.'"

"Children are now getting a full ration of food. Returned disabled men get next preference, and the balance is divided as fairly as possible between the rest of the adult population."

"Notices everywhere exhort people to be patient in queues."

"It is so cold indoors that people like to sit in the sun in the little pavement cafes, but they can get only a drink of sweet syrup."

"There is still no coffee, and cafes can serve no meals except to regular customers. But everything is in train for better days ahead."

In London Mrs. Evatt visited Fire Brigade Headquarters, air-raid shelters, and the Housing Exhibition of the London County Council.

She particularly liked the aluminium house because it combined charm and convenience.

At a Buckingham Palace party she was quite impressed by the dashing way Princess Elizabeth drove her big Army tender right to the door while Margaret Rose looked on, obviously much impressed and excited by her sister's prowess.

Both girls moved unselfconsciously among the guests, talking on all sorts of subjects, and asking many questions about Australia, which seems nearer to them since it has become the home of their aunt and uncle and their little cousins.

Mrs. Jessie Street has been kept hard at it, serving on special committees.

Next week she is also addressing a United Women's Conference, sponsored by national local women's organisations, in which women delegates and advisers from various countries here to attend the main conference will discuss "Women's share in implementing the peace."

Long hours and much arduous work are the rule for young women doing secretarial work for Australian members.

An outstanding personality is Miss K. Fawkes, formerly of Coogee.

For the past five years she has been Movements Officer of the Australian Legation in Washington, and has been temporarily detached to act as secretary to Dr. Evatt.

Cheerful and obliging under most trying circumstances, Miss Fawkes is thoroughly enjoying her work.

Another Australian girl detached from her job at the Washington Legation is Phyllis Jenson, code and cipher clerk.

All the rest of the secretarial staffs are Canadian girls.

Editorial

MAY 26, 1945

A.I.F. ACTION IN NORTH

IN the midst of world-shaking events on the other side of the world, Australians have been following with special pride the all-Australian actions in Borneo and at Wewak.

The trumpets of victory sounding from afar were a fitting battle-call for the A.I.F. veterans making these assaults on Japanese-held territory.

Men of the famous Ninth and Sixth Divisions who have shared already in many desert and jungle victories have now taken the making of further triumphs into their battlewise hands.

The new task in Borneo is of vital importance in Pacific strategy, and a glance at the map shows clearly that it takes a great, new stride in the direction of Singapore and Tokio.

The Wewak campaign is the final cleaning-up of the Japanese who have menaced Australia in New Guinea for three years.

Both Divisions contain old soldiers of nearly six years of campaigning and men who stepped forward to fill the places of comrades lost on earlier battlefields.

For the mothers, wives, and sweethearts who wait at home the action means a renewal of their keenest anxieties.

Women ever feel more conscious of the mortal hazards of war than of its immortal achievements.

At this stage they may find some comfort in the thought that victory in Europe will soon bring even more powerful forces to fight beside their men in the Pacific.

Meanwhile, the A.I.F. is on the job.

Occupation survey to be taken

WHEN you go to collect your new ration book next week-end (June 2 or 3) you must take with you a completed "Occupation Survey" card.

There are nine questions on the card, framed to ascertain what job you are doing.

Interested in the fact that question seven (which asks whether you are an employer, employee, or conduct your own business or farm) places the words "Wage or salary earner" after employee, we asked about the distinction.

A Government authority tells us that in a legal sense salary is money paid on an annual basis, wages is money paid on a weekly, hourly, or daily basis.

Among the questions is that traditional feminine bugbear, year of birth.

Government officials say that they don't expect incorrect answers on this point, since it is an offence to state your age wrongly.

The information is wanted for guidance in post-war planning.

If manpower had been available, a full census would have been taken. The last full census was obtained in 1933.

They are usually taken every ten years, but when it last fell due, 1943, the national register was taken instead.

Occupation survey cards are available at post-offices.

Girls needed to make cartridges

STEPPING-UP of production of shot-gun cartridges for pest eradication means a call for woman-power in Victoria.

Because of the greatly reduced quantity of ammunition which has been available, as well as the shortage of labor and fencing, rabbits are a terrible menace to farming and grazing.

More girls are urgently needed for the vital work of making "bulletts to bump off bunnies," says Mrs. Cliff Bennett, personnel officer of Imperial Chemical Industries, in Melbourne, a firm whose entire present output of cartridges is used for destroying pests.

Illegal nail-varnish is harmful

DEPARTMENT of War Organisation of Industry is doing its utmost to prevent use of nail-varnish, which has appeared via the black market in some beauty salons and occasional chemist shops.

Several prosecutions recently led to heavy fines.

Nail-varnish was prohibited in 1942 as a non-essential product, as manpower required to make it was needed for more essential manufactures.

Polish contains white spirit and lacquer, both used in vast quantities in making munitions.

Bottles are needed for medical necessities, and printing of labels for nail-polish would put added strain on manpower and paper supplies.

Health authorities state that nail-polish on the market at present is made of substitutes and can have an injurious effect on nails and skin already endangered by application of current polish remover, also made from substitutes.

ON this page we present a new weekly feature, designed to keep you posted on a variety of subjects that concern you.

Shortages, rationing, manpower difficulties, and Government controls make living complex these days. Victory in the Pacific will bring a period of reconstruction and development.

This page will give you information and sidelights on all these matters, big and small, that go to make up the Australian citizen's life.

Discharged soldiers as jewellers

SLIGHT relaxation of control in jewellery-making to enable discharged servicemen to enter the trade does not mean a flood of glittering paste ornaments on the market.

Jewellery-making is defined by Department of War Organisation of Industry as the manufacture of articles containing genuine metals and precious stones.

Before the war most of the elegant paste jewellery bought in Australia came from Czechoslovakia.

In second-hand shops now its prices are almost as high as the pre-war prices for the genuine article.

Ex-servicemen who are disabled or who cannot take on heavy work may enter the industry only on the recommendation of Manpower authorities and the Jewellery Advisory Committee.

This is all part of the general rehabilitation scheme for servicemen.

Crystal ware cut in spare time

THE limited supply of crystal-ware available from time to time in some retail shops owes its appearance to the Army's need for red rear-reflectors on vehicles.

Originally the manufacture of all crystal ware was banned with other luxury goods.

But it was later found that a certain number of crystal cutters had to remain on the job to produce reflectors, which have to be diamond cut so that whenever the light hits them it is reflected.

Whatever time the cutters have on their hands after Army needs have been filled can be spent making useful articles, such as salad bowls, for the public.

However, even then the crystal ware can only be bought by residents of one State (N.S.W.), because transport regulations forbid interstate carriage of non-essential articles.

Rationing officials' headache

RATIONING COMMISSION'S big headache is telling the public that loose clothing coupons won't be accepted in shops.

Posters on this subject have been produced in hundreds, but commission officials are still coping with women who are continually coming into the office with tears in their eyes and a slip of loose coupons in their hands.

The now all-too-familiar story is: "But my sister in the country cut them out of her book and sent them to me!"

Tackling the problem of borers

GOOD news for future home-builders is the proposed legislation of the N.S.W. Government to prevent the use of timbers which are susceptible to the powder-post borer.

This insect causes thousands of pounds worth of damage annually.

New South Wales is the first State to propose this legislation.

"It is essential that action should be taken to protect the public, particularly returned servicemen who will be using their deferred pay to build a home," said the N.S.W. Minister for Conservation (Captain W. P. Dunn).

Research on the part of the Wood Technology Division of the Forestry Commission has discovered what trees are susceptible, and the proposed law will prevent the sale of a susceptible timber under the name of an immune timber.

For example, yellow carabeen is often passed off as sassafras or silver sycamore, both of which are immune to borer.

It will also be impossible to manufacture articles normally expected to give long service with any timber susceptible to borer.

The best-known immune timbers are coachwood, sassafras, silver sycamore, Queensland maple, alpine ash, and blackbutt. All true pines are also immune.

Simplest method for treating infected wood in the home is to inject insecticides such as creosote, kerosene, or turpentine into the wood with a syringe, or to spray and paint on the liquid.

The latter method is the most satisfactory for wood which has not been varnished or polished.

Trees can be treated in the forest before being felled. The method is to high-ring them. This is ring-barking, only at the top of the tree instead of at the base.

Vegetable seeds now produced here

HOME gardeners who pat themselves on the back when they fondly regard their 1945 vegetable crop may not know that its sturdy, healthy plants represent a new and successful Australian industry.

In 1942 when the European and Pacific wars had cut off our seed supplies from Europe, America, and New Zealand, a committee was formed to develop seed production in Australia.

In two years it had proved itself a successful industry, and one that the committee hopes is here to stay.

One of the executive members of the committee, Dr. J. R. A. McMillan, says that seed has been produced for all types of vegetables—cauliflower, parsnip, carrot, pea, bean, and radish.

The greatest difficulty has been in producing adequate supplies of carrot seeds. This is because the vegetable is often attacked by a virus and by aphids, sometimes ruining crops.

The main objectives of the committee are to produce seed in large quantities and to obtain a high standard of mother seed, which, in turn, will give good seed crops.

If, after the war, large-scale seed production continues in Australia it will be possible to develop gradually types of seeds particularly suited to Australian climate and soil.



MISS A. C. DUNCAN

THOUGH there are many applicants for posts with United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, few are suitable. Its welfare workers need degree or diploma in social science and experience in social welfare work. In charge of planning programme for South-west Pacific area is Miss A. Constance Duncan. Graduate of Melbourne University, she is former Commonwealth Health Officer, was one-time Y.W.C.A. secretary in Japan, and speaks Japanese.



MR. E. A. JAMES

WITH return of many planters to New Guinea and Papua problems arise for the War Damage Commission. To assist with these, the Federal Government has appointed Mr. E. A. (Jimmy) James (president of Pacific Territories Association) first Deputy-Controller of War Damage Commission outside Australia. He will open an office in Port Moresby, where he lived for many years before the war.

Some fly-wire to be released

EVERY time the Australian troops make a new landing in the islands and set up their base one of the important jobs is to build mosquito-proof huts.

The need for fly-wire has meant short supplies for civilians.

But small quantities will shortly be released, as manufacturers are now permitted by the Government to reserve two or three looms of wire for civilian use.

Only kitchen doors and windows may be wired, and in certain cases sleep-outs.

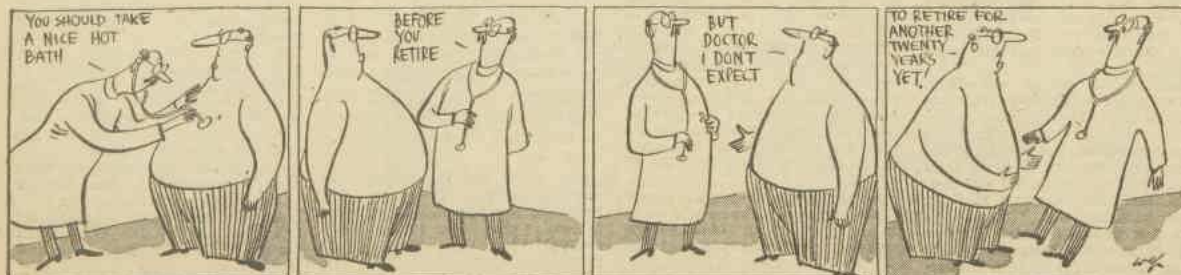
YOUR COUPONS

● All food coupons in the ordinary 1944-45 civilian food ration book and the "A" clothing coupons in the rationing card are current only until June 3. New books will be issued on June 2 and 3.

"B" clothing coupons will be negotiable until November, 1945.

Following coupons are available until June 3:—

TEA: 41 to 52. BUTTER: 37 to 50. SUGAR: 1 to 26. MEAT: 97 to 103. CLOTHING: A1-56, B 57-112.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.



CIVIC RECEPTION. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester with the Mayor of North Sydney, Alderman G. A. Fowle, and Mayoress, Mrs. Fowle, at the civic reception given in the Gloucesters' honor at the Council Chambers, North Sydney.



PICTUREGRAM FROM ENGLAND. The Royal Family visit the East End. The King and Queen, accompanied by their daughters, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, received an overwhelming reception during their visit to East London. In the picture the Queen is acknowledging the ovation of the crowd.

On and Off DUTY.

HOMELY atmosphere at civic reception given by Mayor of North Sydney, Alderman G. A. Fowle, and fellow aldermen in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Reception was held so that Royal couple could meet residents in their own suburb—as Admiralty House is in the municipality of North Sydney.

Duke and Duchess mingle with guests, and because of comparatively small number invited occasion is pleasant for all, as everyone has chance of either meeting or seeing at close vision popular pair.

All feminine eyes on Duchess' ensemble of rich royal-purple angora worn with chunky jacket of platinum fox.

After official welcome, couple meet many of guests, and then Duchess and Mrs. Fowle settle down to quiet cup of morning coffee, while the Duke, together with the Mayor and members of the Royal staff—including popular Brigadier Schreiber, Miss Eileen Phillips, and Captain Ramsay—informally stand chatting with Billy Hughes and other notable guests.

Mrs. Greg McGirr and her husband are among lucky ones to be personally presented. Mrs. McGirr tells me Duchess is fourth member of Royal Family she had met and had the pleasure of shaking hands with. Others were the present King, whom she met in 1938 when she was invested with the O.B.E. Queen Mary, whom she met on the same occasion, and the Duke of Windsor when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Australia.



ENGAGEMENT CELEBRATION. Lieut. Bill Trout, A.I.F., and pretty fiancée Elaine Hart, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hart, of Kilara, celebrate with dinner at Prince's when Bill has leave. He is son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Trout, of Greenoaks, Mitchell, and Brisbane. Elaine soon to visit Brisbane.



SCHOOL HOLIDAYS ARE HERE. Major and Mrs. Paddy Osborne lunch with their three sons, Pat (left), Brian, and Michael, when they come home for holidays from Geelong Grammar School.



NEWLYWEDS. Tony and Betty Bennett return from honeymoon and take flat at Edgecliff. Betty was formerly Betty Cowan, and Tony, who is A.B. with R.A.N., is survivor of Canberra.



NAVAL WEDDING. Lieut. Joe Storr, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Pauline Brown, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill. Bride's sister, Mrs. R. Turner, was matron of honor, and Lieut. Hal Clark, R.A.N., best man.



CELEBRATION. Sub-Lieut. Eric Jackways, R.N.Z.N.V.R., chats to Ann Gemmell-Smith (left) and Judy Dowling at party given at Victoria League Young Contingent Clubrooms, George Street, to celebrate VE-Day.

QUICK lunch at the Pickwick Club for Lady Braddon before she dashes off to committee meeting. She tells me that the Australian Art Fund, which she is interested in, is opening the new Paling's Art Gallery, Paling's Building, on June 5, with an exhibition of pictures by leading Australian artists. A painting is to be chosen from the entries and presented by public subscription to Lady Wakehurst as a farewell gift.

PHOTOGRAPHIC enthusiast Charles Walton has a new subject to work on—his few-weeks-old daughter, Anne Marie.

I believe he proudly shows snaps of baby taken at 14 hours after birth. His wife, Nancy, who is well known as Nancy Bird, airwoman, is busy helping with fete in aid of Pymble Baby Clinic, which will be held at home of Mrs. W. C. Milne at 3 Taunton Street, Pymble, on June 2.

A LOVELY solitaire set in platinum is worn by Eileen Regan, only daughter of the late Mr. J. Regan and Mrs. Regan, of North Bondi, who announces her engagement to Flight-Lieut. Jack Wall, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wall, of Hurlstone Park.

FUTURE home in Adelaide for Margaret McFadden, who marries Dr. Donald Dawkins at St. Margaret's Church, Turramurra. Margaret wears lovely gown of magnolia heavy crepe, and family veil belonging to her fiancée's people. Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. McFadden, of Pymble, and is speech therapist, having private practice in Adelaide as well as being attached to Children's Hospital.

Donald is younger son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Dawkins, of Gawler, South Australia, who come to Sydney for ceremony. Cilla Melville is bridesmaid and bride's brother Jim is best man.



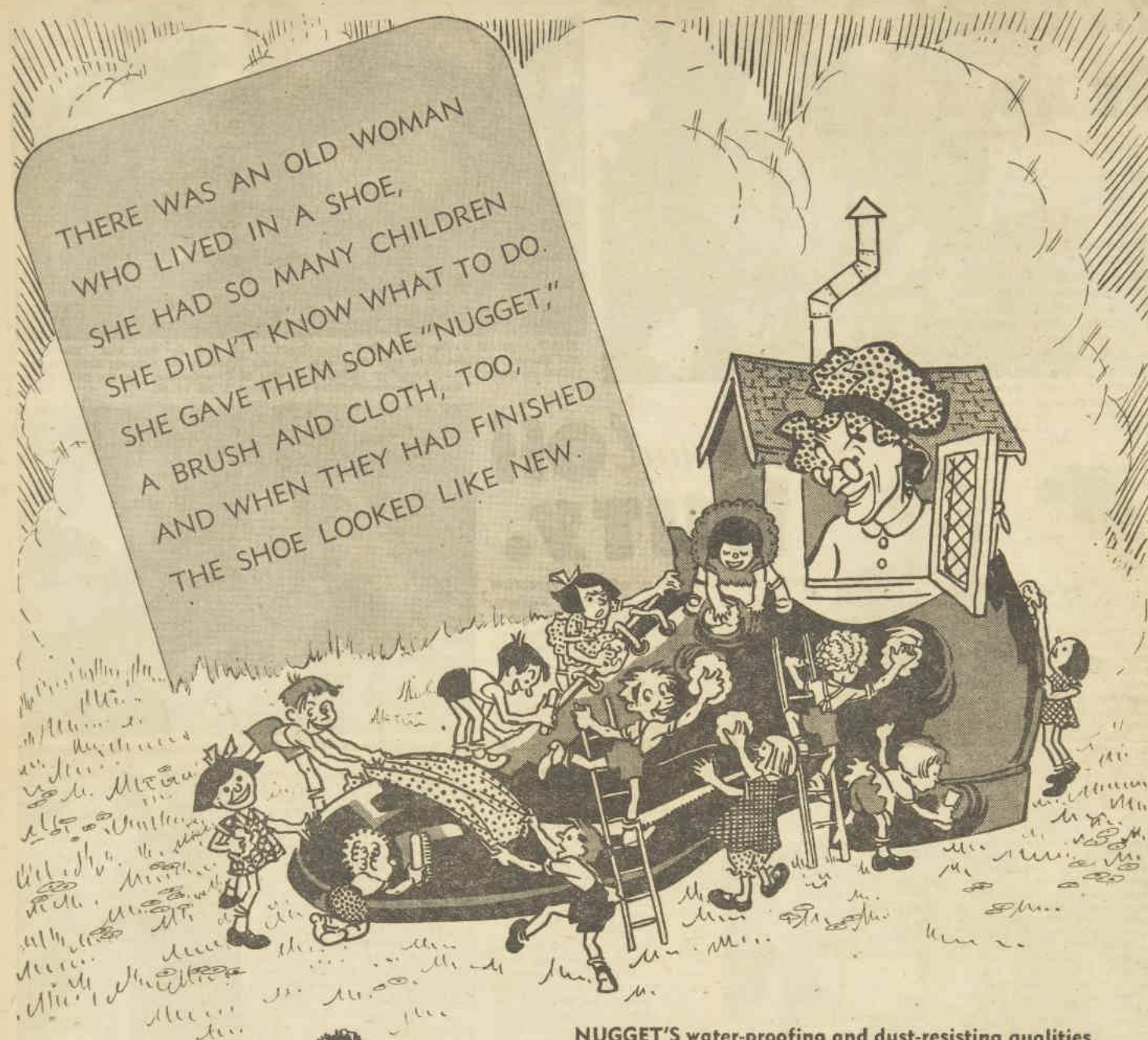
ENGLISH WEDDING. Flight-Sergeant Jack King, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Elsie Hope, of Brighton, England, leaving church after their marriage in Brighton. Jack, who is twin son of Mr. and Mrs. W. King, of Concord West, met his bride when he was billeted with her family when he arrived in England.

THE autumn horse show in aid of the Corps of Commissionaires, to be held this Saturday, promises to be a grand day's outing in the sunshine. The show is to be held at the Parramatta Agricultural Show Ground, and ring events promise to be exciting. Members of women's committee include Mrs. Edward Hirst, of Springmead, Ingleburn, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Castle Hill, and Mrs. I. Mills, of Burwood. Object of the corps is to find occupations for ex-servicemen.

BACK from honeymoon at Mount Victoria is Mrs. Kelso King, formerly Patricia Whiddon. Her husband, LAC Nicholas Kelso King, R.A.A.F., is at present stationed in Melbourne, so Patricia stays with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whiddon, of Cliff Towers, Point Piper, until plans are more definite.

Joyce

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
WHO LIVED IN A SHOE,
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
SHE GAVE THEM SOME "NUGGET,"
A BRUSH AND CLOTH, TOO,
AND WHEN THEY HAD FINISHED
THE SHOE LOOKED LIKE NEW.



NUGGET'S water-proofing and dust-resisting qualities, like its shining quality, are inherent . . . they are there because NUGGET IS a GOOD Polish — an easy-spreading, quick-shining, fine WAX polish made especially to PROTECT leather and give a BRILLIANT shine. Specify NUGGET — for over 50 years a GOOD POLISH.

'NUGGET'
SHOE POLISH



FOR OVER 50 YEARS...A GOOD POLISH

May 26, 1945

The Australian Women's Weekly

13

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE sun now moves out of the sign Taurus into that of Gemini, promising good fortune for Aquarians, Geminians, Librans, Arians, and Leonians.

These people should endeavor to take every advantage of the opportunities offering during this propitious period. It is especially favorable for business and social activities.

However, those born under the signs Virgo, Sagittarius, and Pisces should be cautious, for difficulties, delays, worries, unwanted changes, misjudgments, discord, and loss are likely.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 27 (before 10 a.m. and after 4 p.m.) and May 28 (after 2 p.m.) helpful. May 22, 23 early, 24 or late 29 all poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Avoid over-confidence now and consolidate past gains. May 24, 25, and 26 poor. May 23 and 29 obstructive.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Possibilities of successful changes, so keep busy. Be confident and plan well ahead. May 22 (near dusk) tricky; but otherwise good. May 23 (evening) poor; balance good. May 24 fair. May 26 good. May 27 to 29 poor.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): May 24 (after 3 p.m.), May 25 (7 a.m. to 9 a.m.), and May 26 (after 9 p.m.) all favor modest ventures. On May 22, 23, and 29 be cautious. **LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Improvements likely now, but don't be rash. May 22 tricky. May 27 (forenoon and sunset hours) and May 28 (2 p.m. to 7 p.m.) helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Be wary for some weeks. Delays, worries, difficulties, and discord possible. May 25 (midday hours) and all May 27, 28, and 29 call for caution. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Good weeks ahead, so plan well and work hard. Be decisive and confident. May 22 (near dusk) good. May 23 (8 p.m.) poor; rest good. May 24 (forenoon and sunset hours) good. May 27 (except midday) and May 28 (7 p.m.) good. May 29 adverse.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Better times ahead, but continue to be cautious on May 23 (morning), May 25 (midday), and May 29. May 24 (forenoon and sunset), May 25 (7 a.m. to 9 p.m.) and May 26 very fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Be guarded against losses, partings, arguments, opposition, and worry; adverse changes are possible, especially on May 25, 27, 28, and 29. Routine advised.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Take things quietly on May 22, 23, and 29. May 25 (7 a.m. to 9 a.m.) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Recent difficulties can now be overcome by wisdom and hard work. May 23 (near dusk) tricky; otherwise helpful. May 23 (after 8 p.m.) good. May 24 (forenoon) good. May 27 (morning and dusk) and May 28 (after 2 p.m.) good.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Beware pitfalls, obstacles, and worry, especially on May 22, 27, 28, and 29. Routine advisable. Keep cheerful and be practical.

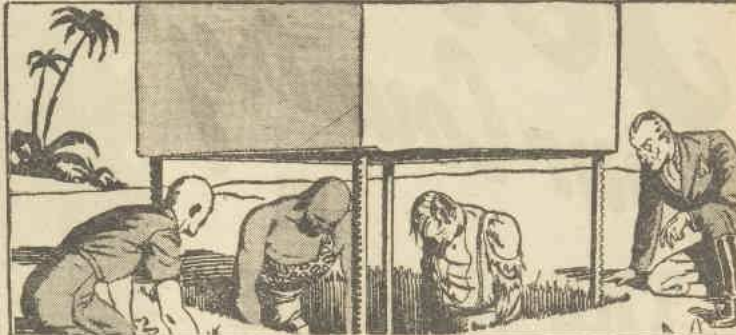
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, isle of "waking dead" (Kordies) by **BARON KORD:** Who wants to marry Narda. To subdue her he puts her in Kordie Corral, but later releases her.

TRINA: Kord's sister, befriends Narda and tells Mandrake and Lothar they can only escape from the cell in which they have been imprisoned by Kord by pretending to be Kordies. Fooled by the captives' "Kordie" act, Kord is about to let them out of the cell. **NOW READ ON:**



OH, NARDA, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
TO BE CONTINUED

Serve your Country IN THE WAR JOB WITH A FUTURE

WILL you help to nurse our sick and wounded fighting men? Will you help in the wards, the laboratories, the dispensaries, in one of the scores of vital activities so essential to health, safety and comfort of our troops?

The Army will give you all necessary training . . . training which will prove invaluable to you *after* the war, as well as now.

You will be provided with attractive quarters and living conditions; indoor and outdoor uniforms for winter and summer; good clothing, with coupons and allowances for replacements. You will receive free medical and dental treatment, travel concessions, regular leave — and many privileges not available to the civilian.

In the Australian Army Medical Women's Service, whether you serve at home or overseas, you will be the comrade of girls of the finest type — many of whom wear the Africa Star, some of whom have been decorated for bravery and devotion to duty. If you are 18 or over, here is YOUR supreme opportunity!

★ *The need is urgent! Apply at the nearest Army Women's Recruiting Depot or local Area Office.*

★ Join the
A.A.M.W.S.
AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL WOMEN'S SERVICE
or **A.W.A.S.**
AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE



A flight-sergeant enjoys "biscuit bombing" trips

Troops fighting in New Guinea showed their gratitude for supplies dropped by "biscuit bombers" by sending out a case of souvenirs to the men who packed and delivered them.

F/Sgt. W. L. Saunders, R.A.A.F., describes this incident and other experiences while he was "biscuit bombing," in a letter to Mrs. E. C. Tink, 295 Military Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.

"I HAVE spent the last fortnight at Tadjil biscuit bombing the Army, and it was one of the best experiences I could wish for," he writes.

"Flying over the Owen Stanley made me admire greatly the tenacity and courage of the soldiers. These last trips over the Torricelli Mountains have increased that admiration. A minute's flying time (2-3 miles) meant anything up to three days' walking or climbing.

"The chaps who pack the supplies and then throw them out of the aircraft are doing a fine job, and working long hours.

"The troops at Wulun sent them out a case of Japanese souvenirs. It pleased the lads no end to get a tangible appreciation, and they certainly earned it.

"The dropping grounds are varied. Some on ridges, others in valleys. The ridges are good as a rule.

"Some of the valley dropping gives us a few bad moments. Particularly if there are clouds round us.

"It is interesting to watch the droppers in action.

"They pack the bundles at the door, then stand round until the pilot switches on the warning light. They settle into a good position, one man uses his feet and the other two use their hands. As soon as the bell goes the stuff is shot out.

"The chutes open just behind the plane, while the free packs follow each other down like bombs. Occasionally they are almost as effective as they straddle a hut or a tent. When dropping these the chaps all get out in the open, away from the ground, so that they are able to see in time to dodge.

"One chap was standing near the river, and he realised that a case of oranges was going for a dive. Both he and the oranges hit the water together.

"As we pulled away we saw him climbing out of the water with a triumphant grin—and the oranges."

An R.A.A.F. Corporal in New Guinea to his wife at Eastwood, N.S.W.:

AN Anzac Day service I attended here, arranged by Australian personnel of the U.S. Water Division, will remain forever in my mind.

"There was no make-believe about this commemoration.

"It was the real thing, with servicemen gazing directly at the graves of the men who had paid the supreme sacrifice.

"They recited the Lord's Prayer

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by ADELE SHELTON SMITH

The letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

and sang 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Abide With Me.' The Last Post sounded and then Reveille.

"I have never witnessed anything so reverent and sincere. I felt very proud to stand and pay tribute to those who rest there.

"The rain poured down all the morning, but the sun shone for the whole of the service. Immediately after rain came down again.

"The boys up here subscribed £27 for a wreath for this cemetery. The over-subscribed money was diverted to the prisoners of war fund."

Lieut. Gahan, in the North, to his wife at 216 Inkerman Road, St. Kilda, Vic.

"I HAVE enjoyed every bit of the train trip. From Rockhampton we hurried west for 400 miles through Longreach to Winton, then north-east to Hughenden.

"The people at Longreach were simply wonderful. The trainload of 500 fellows were fed in the shire hall, plates and cutlery provided.

"Then private cars and trucks whizzed down to the swimming baths, then back to the hall, where girls provided partners for a dance and then finished up with community singing.

"Other items we enjoyed were free soft drinks and a sewing service for shirt-buttons.

"They do this for every troop-train. There have been three a day lately.

"At other small places down the line the people were wonderful, too.

"We stopped at one very small siding and there were the women with sandwiches and scones, and the men looking after the coppers and boiling water."



REPATRIATED prisoners of war at the Australian Red Cross Seaside Club at Eastbourne, England. Miss B. B. Mitchell, of Western Australia, one of the Red Cross hostesses, in the club library with W/O G. Johnson, N.S.W., and Sgt. R. W. Webb, North Qld., holding the club's mascot kitten.

Through a Glass Darkly

Continued from page 5

"Joan."

"Mine is John."

"There's not much difference, is there?"

"No—not much difference."

There was a silence. He dreaded the silence, but he could think of nothing to say. He was acutely conscious of her nearness and he sensed her fighting against her fear. Impulsively he felt for her hand. It was clenched tight, but she relaxed it at his touch and clasped his hand gratefully like a child in the dark.

"It's not so lonely now," she whispered.

He felt strangely moved, and he knew that he was giving and receiving strength.

Breathing was becoming a conscious effort, and he knew they would soon be fighting for air.

"We can't go on much longer," she gasped.

He gripped her hand.

"Go on being brave," he said. "Think of the orange-blossom after the rain."

"Yes."

"Lie down," he said. "More air there." And he forced her hand down urgently. She lay down and he sat listening to her labored breathing. He clenched his free hand and struck his knee savagely. He fought down a mad impulse to try to kick the door down, and the sweat poured down his face. He sat on, struggling with his thoughts.

He thought of the girl beside him, and he tried to visualise her, but he was able to recall only a hazy impression, as through a fog. He had always seen her through a fog—a fog of preoccupation. Ironical that he should only see her as she was in the darkness. Ironical, too, that the scales should fall from his eyes only when it was too late. A crazy thing, life. Where was the sense of it? It was pointless, reasonless. A riddle without an answer. To die here like this—like rats in a trap.

His breath came now in great painful gasps, and again his thoughts turned to the girl. And he realised with a sudden shock that her hand had gone limp in his.

"Joan!" he said, hoarsely. He knelt, groping feverishly, and grasping her shoulders, he half-raised her and shook her gently. Then he sank back hopelessly, consciously, even in his physical agony, of an inexpressible sense of loss.

Iron hands increased their pressure round his chest, and a violent pounding sounded in his ears. He fought desperately, struggling and gasping, hanging on fiercely to life.

and he was vaguely aware, as if from a great distance, that a door had opened and there was a light and someone was shouting. He had a confused impression of fighting his way hour after hour toward a distant light, and of being suddenly and miraculously able to breathe.

Then, somehow, he was back in his office, filling his lungs with the sweet, fresh air coming in from the open window.

"Are you all right?" someone said, and, turning, he saw Ralph, the cashier, standing over him. He had never seen the immaculate Ralph looking like this before. His coat was off and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up, and his hair was all over his face. Then Matheson sprang up, a sudden frantic look in his eyes.

"Joan!" he shouted. "Miss Wayne. She's—"

"She's here," Ralph said. "She's all right. Perfectly all right. Close call, though. But she's all right." Ralph stretched his neck and wiped it with his handkerchief.

Matheson went over to her. She was very white and still, but she opened her eyes and reassured him with a faint smile. He took her hand.

"What happened?" she asked. "I think Ralph can explain," Matheson said. "I think he must have saved our lives."

Ralph smoothed his hair. "I can't understand it," Ralph said. "I woke up suddenly in the night wondering if I had locked away the cash. I had drawn a large amount, and I couldn't remember locking the safe. I tried to forget it and go to sleep, but I couldn't, and finally I had to get up and make sure. As soon as I got to the office I heard the safe alarm, and I ran down to investigate. That's how I found you. At first I thought Miss Wayne would never revive, but luckily I know a bit about first-aid and so on. I was only just in time, though."

Matheson regarded Ralph silently for a moment. "There's something I'm rather curious about," he said. "Was your cash locked up after all?"

"Oh, yes. I can't understand why I had any doubts about it. I've never worried about anything like that before in my life. It's odd."

John Matheson gazed into space, a puzzled look in his eyes, and suddenly he became aware that Joan Wayne was watching him with a smile on her lips. She closed her eyes with a faint sigh, and he stood gazing down at her with a kind of wonder in his eyes, like a man who has received his sight.

(Copyright)

"BUT, mother!"

Sheila protested. "You've done nothing but reminisce about the good old days when you wandered the world with father. And that was a long time ago, when I was still a baby."

Mrs. Alison hit her hip. "Pass Hilary the port, Sheila," she said, in a valiant attempt to change the trend of the talk, "and refill Stephen's glass. It's a very special port."

"Don't I know it!" chuckled Hilary. "I remember Alison laying it down before Sheila was born, for her coming of age, and making bets that she'd be a boy. The only time you ever disappointed him, my dear." He raised his glass to Mrs. Alison. "But that was a couple of decades ago, and I really mustn't dwell too much on the past. I looked in to see you on a matter of business, a—er—private affair."

Stephen took the hint rather more quickly than Sheila expected. Her heart began to throb as he rose and smiled at his hostess.

"Then may Sheila and I disappear?"

Mrs. Alison looked annoyed. "We mustn't break up the party yet—"

"We aren't," said Hilary authoritatively. "We're splitting it up into its component parts, which will come together again in an hour. Run along, you youngsters, and don't get up to mischief."

When they had gone, Natalie turned on him.

"What's so urgent?" she demanded. "Really, Hilary, you're behaving very strangely to-night."

"Be prepared for more shocks," said Hilary, "because I'm about to ask you to marry me."

"But, Hilary, I refused you years ago. Why should I change my mind?"

"For Sheila's sake," he told her bluntly. "I'm going to speak plainly,

Sheila in the Shade

Continued from page 3

Natalie. You're ruining her life and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You've had your day. Why don't you step out of the limelight and let her have hers? All your life you've attracted men, but these petty little triumphs over your own daughter show that you must be losing your grip. You bore the young men as much as they used to bore you. Sheila's too sweet and loyal to tell you so, but I'm not going to stand by and let you make an exhibition of yourself."

This time Natalie's flush did show through her make-up. Her eyes glittered. "Hilary! I've never been so insulted—"

"I know you haven't," he interrupted, "and more's the pity. You're a warm-hearted, mischievous, lovable woman, but you've been thoroughly spoiled. You've enough of the devil left in you to make our married life a positive misery, but for your sake and Sheila's I'm going to risk it."

Natalie opened her mouth to speak, but instead, she started to giggle. Hilary poured himself out another glass of port, and watched her tolerantly. When she could speak, she said: "I've had dozens of proposals, but never such an odd one."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Hilary.

"Marry you, and make your life a misery." Her violet-blue eyes danced. "You've skulked behind your privet hedge for years, afraid to show your nose in case I tweaked it. Well, I'm going to sell my liberty for the privilege of tweaking it good and hard."

"That's a good enough basis for happy marriage," said Hilary. "I suppose I ought to take you into my arms and kiss you passionately."

had escaped his notice until now. Her fortune in this death trap called for a high courage and something else besides. Faith in something, perhaps. The confident faith a child has until rough contact with the world wears it thin. She believed in miracles, too.

She paused and he spoke quickly, anxious to prevent a silence. Talking would be the more quickly exhaust their dwindling air supply; but fear and panic would flourish in the silence. He asked her questions about herself, and he realised that they were not merely to make conversation. He found his interest in her growing.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Natalie laughed. "If you'd done that years ago, we might have been divorced by now."

"Better late than never," said Hilary.

Sheila and Stephen, bursting in an hour later with their own important news, found their elders entirely absorbed in themselves.

"Your congratulations, children," said Hilary, his arms still round Natalie. "We're going to be married."

"So are we," Sheila said happily. "Splendid," said Natalie. "You two can have Hilary's house and he can move in here."

Stephen shook his head. "Many thanks, Mrs. Alison, but I'm afraid I'll be taking Sheila right away, after the war."

"Transplanting the flower," said Hilary, looking at Sheila. "Wise man."

"Oh, well," said Natalie. "I suppose it's all for the best. I expect Hilary and I will quarrel so much we'll need two houses. Now, we'll have a double wedding, Sheila, and I shall wear—"

"Sorry, mother," said Sheila, "but Stephen and I have fixed all that. We're having a Service wedding all to ourselves. You and Hilary will be welcome—as guests."

Natalie sighed. "You can be very difficult, Sheila. A double wedding would be so attractive, even in wartime, but as it is—"

"As it is," said Hilary firmly. "We'll have a quiet little wedding at the registrar's office. And now everything's settled, we'll drink a toast to a long life and a peaceful one."

"Optimist!" said Natalie, but she filled the glasses.

(Copyright)

Freed Australians toast peace in billy tea



SLAVE WORKERS, rugged and emaciated, released from Germany's horrifying prison camps.

Humiliated Germans watch rejoicings of their former slaves and prisoners

Cabled by ANNE MATHESON, from Germany

From England's neighborly rejoicings I have flown back to dazed, humiliated Germany.

I have had a second peace celebration among the devastation and misery of Munich, once the hotbed of Nazism.

IT was a strange celebration—inside barbed wire, drinking billy tea from tin pannikins—but I will remember it all my life.

I went to Noosburg prisoner-of-war camp on the outskirts of the Bavarian capital, and here I met Australian soldiers and airmen who had taken part in every campaign from Greece, Crete, and El Alamein to the recent raid on Berchtesgaden.

One boy taken prisoner after a raid on Berchtesgaden had been in the camp only a few hours when the U.S. Seventh Army liberated it. Blazing sunshine made us all homesick for Australia, and the boys were stripped to the waist in the crowded blocks outside the wooden huts in which they have lived—some for many years.

Though most of us could hardly breathe for the stench of this vile-smelling prison-camp with mounds of rotting garbage round us, we toasted peace that had come after so many false alarms.

Back in Munich I counted the flags of twenty-one nations fluttering beside white surrender flags from German houses.

The swastika and all it meant to the smaller nations has been banished, and the German eagle plucked of every feather.

The scene was unforgettable, as 75,000 newly liberated slaves passed through the city on their way to their own homes.

Prisoners of war from every Allied country were making their way to collecting-points to be taken back to their homes, and emaciated prisoners from the infamous Dachau camp slouched along in their blue-and-white-striped pyjamas.

I went on to the Burger Brau Keller, where on the evening of November 8, 1923, Hitler pushed his way into the hall with his National Socialist, proclaiming revolution.

In great heaps on the floor lay books and papers bespattered with mud and sodden with water.

An aged, wrinkled caretaker had hastily scribbled on a blackboard, "On this spot Hitler founded the Nazi Party." But the only tourists were a small party of American privates and a straggler of released prisoners.

They kicked aside the many over-

turned boxes of Nazi Party badges and trinkets. The metal made a faint tinkle.

It was the only sound now inside the famous beer hall where, yearly, Nazis gathered to celebrate the Beer Hall Putsch, and where an attempt was made on Hitler's life with a planted bomb.

Stuffed in cupboards were many lovely old banners. They had been carried by trade-union leaders in Republican Germany.

Now, after many years, the G.I.s were pulling the banners out and running into the street waving them.

Here and there among the crowds of bewildered, whimpering Germans there would be a smile as some craftsman, remembering the days when these banners were carried high, recognised one or other of the guilds.

Outside Munich's famous Rathaus (Town Hall) long queues of Germans stood, stolidly waiting for one of the Town Major's staff to hear their troubles.

I have never seen people so defeated in spirit. As surging crowds of G.I.s and prisoners swept past them, and displaced personnel drank the wines and beers of Munich right in front of them, they stood stunned and miserable.

Bare, deserted

FROM the Beer Hall I went to a modern sandstone building, the Brown House, where the famous Munich Pact was signed. It was bare and deserted except for rooms taken over by American Army personnel.

A G.I., busily collecting Volksturm rifles which he was piling up at the door downstairs, said, "Well, I hope it's really peace in our time."

Outside, a convoy of armored vehicles was lined up, and soldiers gathered round the command car that was fitted with a wireless set.

Tuning on to a broadcast for German people we heard German prisoners in England calling home and giving their names, without fear of retribution being taken against their relatives.

They called to their wives and their mothers, their children, and asked them to be calm and dignified in Germany's defeat.

"The years are going to be hard,



ALLIED TROOPS march past the Beer Hall in Munich, where the Nazi party was formed and where an attempt on Hitler's life was once made with a bomb.



GERMAN GIRLS, who served as anti-aircraft assistants and telephone operators with the Germany Army, captured by American troops.

but only by accepting the burden we have brought on ourselves can Germany survive," the voice said.

A young German woman standing near me wept bitterly.

"Oh, can't you find a formula to stop war," she said. "My husband was in the Luftwaffe. He was killed in 1940."

"It seems unbelievable in the twentieth century that nations should kill each other."

And she went on crying and saying that the democracies as much as totalitarian Germany were to blame for the war, because they should have seen it coming and stopped Germany, instead of giving in to her.

Beneath the statue of Victory, which was still heavily draped in black as protection from our bombers, three young girls guggled.

They were all wearing new clothes, and had had new hairdos, and were enjoying the first few days of their new lives.

All three had come from Dachau, Mary Frewin, with flashing dark eyes, was bubbling over with happiness.

VE-Day meant for her that the death sentence passed on her was now obsolete.

Mary's only crime was that she wrote little verses goggling Hitler.

Her death sentence had been reduced to eighty-eight years' imprisonment.

She laughed, and went into a spasm of hysterical giggling, as she pointed to the prematurely erected statue of Liberty still standing and draped in camouflage black.

Then Mary rolled down her socks to let the glorious sunshine beat on her bruised and aching limbs.

After a week of freedom, the marks of kicking meted out by S.S. men still showed.

But Mary is free to-day, and she made light of her pain.

She wrote a little jingle, but this time not deriding anyone. It was in praise of her liberators.

With Mary was a poor, unfortunate misfit in life—thirty-six-year-old Mary Schuman, of Chicago, whose spiritual home had always been Germany.

Refused to work

SHE had returned to volunteer to serve her Fatherland. She joined the Wehrmacht as a telephonist, but the Nazis turned against her in Belgrade, accused her of espionage, and Mary Schuman finished up her war work in Dachau.

Now freed, she is unhappily wondering what peace means to her. Unable to face America, despised by Germans, she is terrified of the years ahead.

The third girl, a blue-eyed Dutch girl, was thrown into Dachau for refusing to work. She combed her flaxen hair in the sun, and made her plans for going home.

Everywhere in Germany now freed slaves are celebrating with wine and beer looted from their former masters.

And all the time long lines of waggons are carrying off the last of the Wehrmacht prisoners.

The dirty, tired German soldiers look down silently on the street scenes.

Occasionally a German man or woman waves, and there is a dispirited, half-hearted flutter of soldiers' hands from the waggons.

The convoy passes, and half a dozen Wehrmacht beg to be taken prisoner. Another convoy of prisoners passes.

The house where I am living is sandwiched between those of Reich Minister for Labor Joseph Ley and popular toast of the Wehrmacht, opera singer Truda Eipperl.

Ley has fled from Munich, and his house, a beautiful bungalow with spacious rooms and wide, glassed-in verandahs, is the scene of much looting.

I stepped into the house, where Nazi literature lies scattered everywhere. It is stripped of every ornament, cushion, wireless set, glass decanter, tap, or fitting, stripped to the wainscoting.

The opera singer's husband was a well-known Nazi, Clemens Kraus, a staff leader on Ley's Labor Front. He is now a lieutenant-general, somewhere in Hungary.

There is no peace in her house to-day, for four men from Dachau have just held her up at the point of a revolver and helped themselves to all the luxuries they have starved for in the years of their imprisonment.

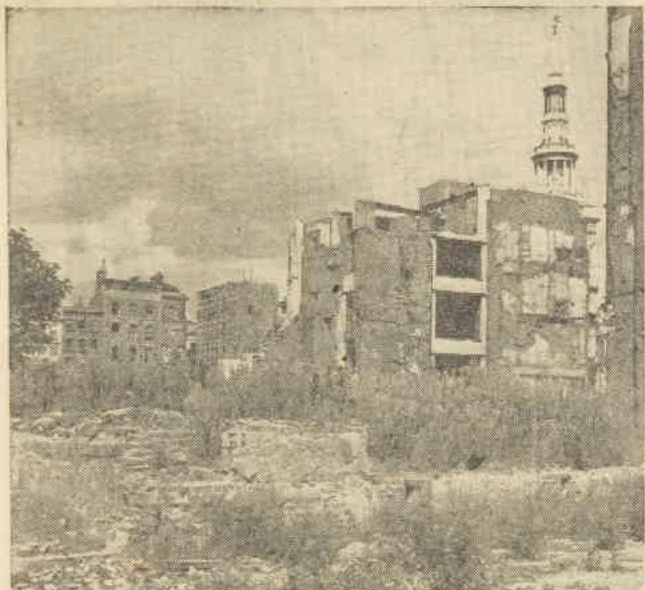
In Bavarian costume she is protesting. "Though my husband is a Nazi he is not a bad man. He is an idealist. If I had a guilty conscience I would have quit."

"Why do these geobirds rob me?"

A young German girl in the crowd is sad and sullen.

"You killed my baby," she says, immersed in her own tragedy and quite unmoved by the hopelessly confused scene round her and of the young men shuffling along outside with all they own in the world strapped to their backs, unwashed, unfed, unwanted, the best years of their lives spent in forced labor camps, and their spirit broken.

IT'S QUIET IN LONDON NOW...



LONDON TO-DAY. The storm passes overhead, wildflowers seek to hide her scars, and Churchill says, "Good Old London."



FINE OLD CHURCH of St. Michael Paternoster Royal on College Hill, built in 1694, suffered, but withstood the tempest.



SEAT OF BRITISH JUSTICE, the Old Bailey, stands serene and unsmirched, while the ruins of Ludgate Hill are shown in foreground.



ST. PAUL'S is now seen in a wildflower setting Wren would have approved. And to us the old cathedral has never seemed so lovely nor so dear.

—Pictures by London photographer, J. Dixon-Scott.



FRAGMENT of the Roman Wall (centre), seeming imperishable, among the ruins of buildings. Right is shell of Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

The Eveready "Mini-Max" battery made the walkie-talkie possible.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



IT'S A SAD SHAVE WITHOUT DAD AND DAVE!

Think of all the times—night or day—you've missed hearing something on the radio because you had to shave, or shower, or get dressed in a hurry. As soon as the war is over you'll be able to take your portable radio even into the bathroom if you want to. You'll be able to take it from room to room as you dress, eat, lounge about or work about the house.



COLD IN THE HEAD?

LISTEN TO THE AMATEUR HOUR

IN BED! No more dreary hours to fill in when you're "laid up". You'll put your portable beside your bed. No aerials. You'll just take it where you like and switch it on. And the Amateur Hour, and every other programme will come through clear as a bell, thanks to the tiny, but powerful

Eveready Mini-Max batteries that will operate these little miracle radios that will be available when the war is over.



YOUR WIFE WILL LOVE TO GO FISHING — IF SHE CAN HEAR "MY HUSBAND'S LOVE".

Remember all those fishing holidays that were spoilt because the wife didn't want to go on a fishing holiday. Later on every week-end, every holiday, every trip anywhere at all will be more fun, thanks to this tiny miniature radio. Just one thing you'll have to remember—make sure it gives you the best performance by keeping to the Mini-Max batteries which first made it possible.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

RADIO BATTERIES



Pastoral

Continued from page 7

BY one in the morning her work at Group W.T. was over. She could close down for the night. She rang through to the control at Hartley to inquire for Robert, but no news had come through. She was told that the air/sea rescue routine was being put in hand for them. At dawn the Lyanders and the Wairuses would go out flying low over the grey, dirty sea, questing and searching on the line of drift.

It was uncertain, she was told, what the chances were. The only station in the vicinity that they might possibly have reached was not taking any signals.

She had gone back to Hartley with the girls in the station transport in the black night. She could not bear to go back to her quarters. She went to the control upon the aerodrome to see if, during the short time that she had been upon the road, there had not been some message.

Section-Officer Ferguson was still there with a telephonist, trying to make contact with this dumb place, Whitsand. And two of the pilots were there, still in their Sidcot suits, Flight-Lieutenants Lines and Johnson.

She had been a little embarrassed, even in her unhappiness. She said: "I just looked in to see if anything had come through about Robert."

Lines said: "Not yet, I don't think he's in the drink. He'd have sent us his position before going in."

Mr. Johnson said: "He may have bailed out over land, or he may be at this place that won't answer. I don't think he's in the drink." He offered her a packet, "Cigarette?"

She took one gratefully and sat on with them in silence, waiting. In the bare office with the blackboard, the big shuttered windows, the four telephones. In the next room they heard the intermittent complaints of the telephonist to various exchanges up and down the country, as she tried for Whitsand. They sat on weary and anxious and cold as the time crawled by.

Once Johnson had said kindly to her: "I should go to bed. We'll send a message over to you if anything comes through."

She said: "I can't, I shouldn't go to sleep, anyway."

Lines had gone through into the other room. Mr. Johnson said quietly: "It's like that, is it?"

Gervase looked up quickly; he was grinning at her. "What do you mean by saying it's like that?" she asked indignantly. "It's like nothing of the sort."

Mr. Johnson wagged his head. "He gave you a bit of fish."

"I know he did. It was a very nice bit of fish," she said, coloring. "He gave you a bit, too."

"Nice bit of fish, my foot. It was an awful bit of fish." He shook his head. "I always said no good would come of that fish."

She moved away into the telephone-room, anxious to break off the discussion. In the end, at four in the morning, the brief message came through relayed from the Command that Robert was down at Whitsand, and damaged. That the radio operator had been removed to hospital. Gervase went back to her quarters sick with relief and utterly exhausted. It was dawn before sleep came.

At eleven o'clock next morning Marshall went into the Wing-Commander's office. Dobbie looked up from his desk. "Morning, Marshall," he said. "Have a cigarette?" He offered his case. "What's Robert like?"

The pilot said: "I don't think she's too bad, sir. The port wing got shot up, and then I hit it with a stump or something and finished it off." He sat on the edge of the chair that Dobbie had given him, recounting the damage to the aircraft. He spoke nervously and with lack of self-assurance. He smoked very quickly as he spoke.

The Wing-Commander helped him now and then with a question. Dobbie was thirty-two years old, a regular officer of the R.A.F. who had done two tours of Bomber Command in the early days of the war, followed by a year at Constat. At Hartley he still flew occasionally on

an operation, though he never served as captain of the aircraft.

His work was now executive upon the ground. He had to run the station and control the crews; it was natural that the crews should be his first concern. They fluctuated in number between twenty and thirty-five, a hundred or a hundred and fifty flying personnel all told. He knew them all by name, and a great deal about each one of them.

He had among his crews a few old stagers that formed a solid backbone of experience at Hartley. However many raw and callow young men came to him, so long as he had Lines and Johnson and Marshall and Davy, and Sergeant-Pilot Nutter and Sergeant-Pilot Cope, he felt that the Wing could play its part; the youngsters would learn from these men and absorb their knowledge imperceptibly.

The casualties were all among the newcomers from the operational training schools. Nothing, it seemed, could really help these raw young men but to rub shoulders every day with the seasoned veterans of many raids. The loss of one such veteran crew was a very serious matter indeed to Wing-Commander Dobbie, to be prevented at all costs.

He heard about the damage to R for Robert. "Doesn't sound too bad," he said. "Morrison is speaking to them this morning; they should have finished the inspection by this time."

Marshall said: "I should think she'd take a week or ten days to repair."

"That means three weeks." The Wing-Commander blew out a long cloud of smoke. "How did you come to land up at Whitsand, anyway?"

MARSHALL said miserably: "I had a bit of a shindy with my navigator, sir, and the wrong course got on to the compass. I did it—it was my fault."

"I did that once," said Dobbie. "Beastly, isn't it?"

"I can't think how I came to do a thing like that," said Marshall wearily.

"Tell me what happened from the start," said Dobbie. "What time was it when you reached the target?"

Marshall told him the story of the flight, speaking in little bitter sentences. He took no pride in the fact that he had extricated the machine from a most difficult position over the North Sea and brought it safely back and landed more or less in one piece; his black depression was too great for him to recognise virtue in anything that he had done that night.

The Wing-Commander had to penetrate the veil of bitterness with which the pilot cloaked his account to see the fine airmanship that had got Robert down at all.

In the end Dobbie laughed. "I bet the pilot of that Lancaster had a fright," he said boyishly.

"He was pretty rude," said Marshall. "He was a sergeant."

"I bet he was rude," said Dobbie.

There was a pause. The Wing-Commander broke it. "I think you might as well get off on a spot of leave," he said, "all the lot of you. A fortnight. It'll be quite that before you can go up to Whitsand for Robert." He glanced at the calendar. "Get off as soon as you like and come back on the nineteenth—Monday fortnight. You might pass the word to your crew, and tell them to come up for their passes."

Marshall got to his feet. "Thanks, sir," he said quietly. "I think that'd be a good thing. It's been just one thing after another lately."

"In what way?"

The pilot said bitterly: "Everything I touch seems to go wrong these days."

The Wing-Commander felt as if a veil had been partially drawn aside revealing a familiar scene, a scene he did not care to look at very closely. He said: "I suppose that means you've had a spot of bother of some sort."

"I suppose it does," said Marshall. "I'd rather like to get away from here for a bit."

"Okay," said Dobbie casually. "See you again on Monday fortnight."

The pilot went out of the office. Dobbie leaned back in his chair, staring thoughtfully at the calendar. It was a good calendar, adorned

WORTH Reporting

FIRST women missionaries to return to Salamaua, 70 miles from Milne Bay, Papua, after three years received a great ovation from the natives and were sent "love" gifts of food—bananas, pineapples, papaws, eggs, beans, sweet potatoes, watermelons.

One of them, Miss Thora Richardson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Richardson, Kellyville, N.S.W., was on leave in the south when the Japanese invaded Papua. They advanced to within two miles of Salamaua.

"The day after we arrived back we were given a feast of welcome," writes Miss Richardson.

"The Tongans in charge erected a bush-house for the welcoming feast and we were led to a table inside the pavilion."

"That night the station entertained us with songs sung by the choir, and dances taught by the Fijians and Tongans."

"I have 85 enrolled in my school, and I have been trying to get the girls' food gardens planted. They have been somewhat neglected. Our pineapples need weeding, too. The grass is above our knees," she says.

A CONVENT in the South of England has been doing Field-Marshal Montgomery's laundry for many months, and even from the battlefield it was still sent to them.

When questioned as to the nature of the garments, a sister shyly stated, "The usual gentleman's things."



"The tailor said it was the best he could do for the money."

with an attractive young woman. The Wing-Commander muttered to himself, "I bet that's it."

He got up from his chair and opened the door communicating with the administration office. Squadron-Leader Chesterton was not in the room, but his secretary was there, a grey-haired and efficient W.A.A.P. sergeant.

He said to her, "Sergeant-Pilot Francis and Sergeant Cobbett and Sergeant Phillips will be coming in for leave warrants and ration cards. Make them out to the nineteenth. When they come, bring them in to me. I want to see each of that crew before they go on leave—not all together, one by one."

He saw Sergeant Cobbett first within half an hour.

"Morning, Cobbett," said the Wing-Commander. "Sit down for a minute." The sergeant sat a little nervously on the chair. "I'm sending you all off on leave for a fortnight. It'll take quite that time to fix up your machine at Whitsand."

Dobbie flipped over the pages of a little book he kept upon his desk. "I see this was your eighth operational flight—and you've been with Sergeant-Pilot Dennison, and now for the last two with Flight-Lieutenant Marshall." He put down the book and looked over to the young man before him. "I may have to rearrange the crews a bit while you're away," he said. "Is there anybody that you'd like to be with particularly?"

The flight-engineer said, "Couldn't I stay with Flight-Lieutenant Marshall, sir?"

Please turn to page 23

NOT SO DUMB

(Brunettes have a longer expectation of life than blondes, and are more intelligent, according to a doctor who made a study of anthropology in the British Isles.—Cable item.)

MY blonde friend, who's by gentlemen preferred, said of this dictum, when its text she heard:

"Statistics may be on the worthy doc's side,

"But has he made allowance for peroxide?"

"A theory that I've heard," she added sweetly.

"Applied to marriage, fits the case quite neatly;

"Is it the dear brunettes are really stronger,

"Or do their lives, poor girls, just SEEM much longer?"

—Dorothy Drain.

Virtue rewarded

THERE is at least one taxi-man in Sydney who is happy about prospects of a return to normal conditions in the business.

When we rode in his polished and shining cab the other day he remarked that in the temptations of wartime he had preserved his integrity—and at no great loss to himself.

"I have never envied friends who told me they were making £100 a week," he said, "because I knew the outlay and wear and tear on their cars would not justify it."

"Now their tyres are worn to the canvas; their cars are falling to pieces; and their clientele is vanishing."

"I have eight spare tyres; my car is good for another two years, and I have the same patrons I have had for 20 years. I have stuck to my normal working hours from 5 a.m. until noon, and could count on my fingers the number of Allied servicemen I have had in this cab."

As we asked the fare he lent weight to his previous statements by carefully checking it on the official price list.

Ooey, gooey

HUNTER Elementary School, in America, conducted an experiment among its four to five year olds.

An adult storyteller related tales that have been children's favorites for the past twenty years, then let the children tell original stories themselves.

Stories which were very varied in plot and detail revealed that for children of this age paramount interests are animals, children, parents, and food.

One little girl told her story in verse—variations of different rhymes she had heard.

Goosey goosey was a worm,
A mighty worm was he,
He sat upon a railroad track,
The train he did not see.
Ooey, gooey.

—New York Times.

3000 'chutes

THE 130 girls at the Turner Parachute Company in Sydney have made 3000 parachutes for the Air Force in the past three years.

But they had never seen a test drop.

So their staff picnic, to celebrate completion of their 3000th parachute, when they saw 30 parachutes tested by dummy drops, was a big day for them.

"The test was specially arranged and the girls got a great kick out of it," said Staff Manager Mr. Roy Patterson.

"Parachutes with dummies were dropped from a plane in pairs and the cheers were loud and long as every one of the 'chutes worked perfectly."

In addition to the parachutes, they have made 50,000 flare, target, and supply 'chutes.

No problem then

WHAT to do with Hitler if he is still alive is one of the great problems of Peace, 1945.

England took a less realistic view of a similar problem in 1815.

"London Observer" of December 17, 1815, said: "By command of the Prince Regent, Lord Bathurst issued orders last month to one of the most tasteful and ingenious artists of the metropolis to provide everything which would contribute to the domestic gratification and comfort of Napoleon Buonaparte in his new residence at St. Helena."

"This order comprises every species of furniture, linen, glassware, clothes, music, and musical instruments . . . with only this reservation, that in no instance should any ornament or initial creep into the decorations which would be likely to recall to the mind of Buonaparte the former emblematical appendages of his imperial rank."

Bonfires were part of the victory celebrations then as they were this time.

The same paper three months earlier described "A very interesting spectacle on the top of Skiddaw, the celebrated mountain in the County of Cumberland."

"At the suggestion of Mr. Southey, the Poet Laureate, a bonfire was displayed in honor of the memorable Battle of Waterloo. Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth, as well as Sir George Beaumont and several others, took an active part in this patriotic celebration . . . and the whole was a scene of festivity till 12 o'clock at night!"

Started on 5 - weekly

"I'll be here again, given an opportunity I like this country and I like the people." This was said by Lord Nuffield, British motor magnate, when he paid his seventh visit to Australia this year.

Announcement that his organisation will establish a £1,000,000 motor manufacturing company here suggests he may be back again soon.

Now in his 68th year, Lord Nuffield is still actively in control of the huge enterprise, employing about 45,000 workers, which sprang from the cycle repair business he started when he was sixteen.

His benefactions, mainly for the relief of suffering humanity, amount to £25,000,000, including iron lungs installed in many Australian hospitals.

His office at Oxford is an old building where he attended school as a boy.

EMBARRASSED British airman in Sydney street on VE-Day: "I've just managed to get away from two dear old ladies who've been thanking me for winning the war in 1941."

Historian at 82

A SLENDER, silver-haired lady, eighty-two years old, is handling a big job for Tasmania.

She is Miss Amelia Wayne, M.B.E., who has been archivist for nearly a quarter of a century in the Chief Secretary's Department, Hobart.

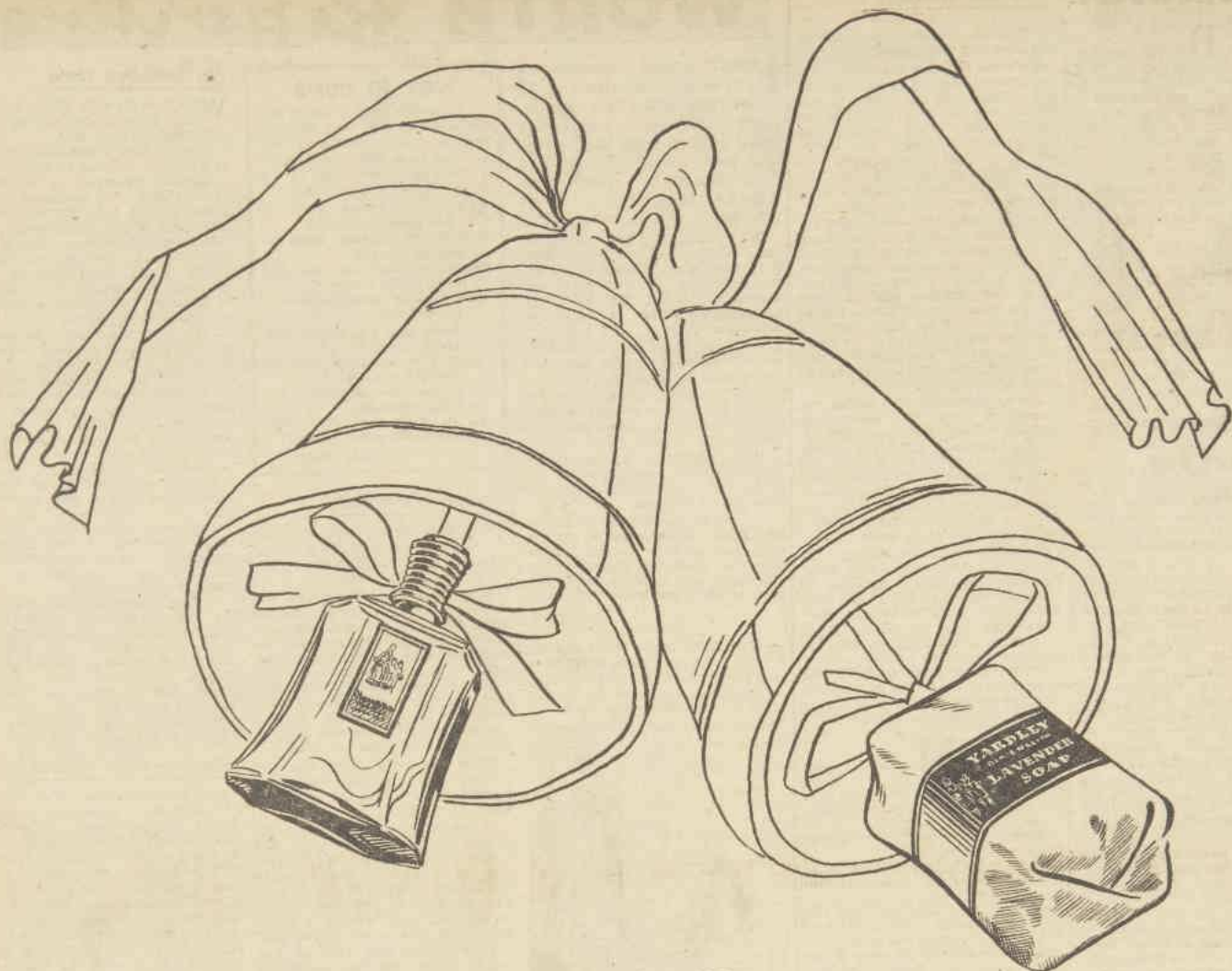
She is collecting early historical records of the Island State, "always regretting," she says "how meagre they are."

Miss Wayne explains this meagreness is due to the fact that when Van Diemen's Land was first occupied, the Governor's Dispatches frequently remained unanswered, and those of the Secretaries and Under-Secretaries of State were directed to Sydney, Tasmania being a dependency. Tasmania did not receive custody of her own dispatches until 1824.

A large part of Miss Wayne's time is spent replying to queries from people about their ancestors.

Before joining the department, Miss Wayne was a trained nurse, for 19 years as co-matron of a private hospital, then four years as sister, matron, and masseuse in the Home Service of the Defence Force during the Great War.

She was born at Coblenz when her father, Rev. Arthur Wayne, was stationed there.



After joybells ring

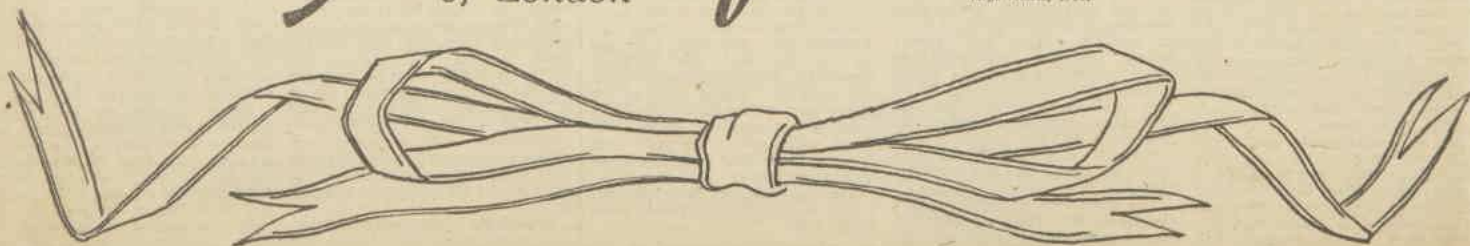
... to welcome peace, there'll be glad news for Yardley lovers. All those beauty things you've cherished so dearly and used so carefully during the days of "putting one's best face forward" will come hurrying back in peace-time quantities. Meanwhile, keep an eye open, in fine stores and chemist shops, for available supplies.

Yardley

of London



*Yardley Lavender, 3/5 to 47/3, Bond Street
Complexion Powder, 4/4, Yardley Lipstick, 3/3,
English Complexion Cream, 6/1, Lavender Soap,
large tablets, 1/10.*





JOHN DEASE, who will re-tell stories by A. J. Alan from 2GB.

New series of radio stories

The fascinating stories of A. J. Alan, B.B.C. story-teller, are to be retold from station 2GB by John Dease. The session will be heard every Thursday at 9 p.m., beginning on June 21.

DESCRIBED by Lord Reith, former Director-General of the B.B.C., as the reincarnation of an old-world story-teller, A. J. Alan enthralled English listeners for years with his story-telling art.

Had Alan lived in the 14th or 15th century he would assuredly have won high honor and court favor, Lord Reith said.

For some years the B.B.C. kept Alan's identity a secret from listeners, who knew him only as the "ghost" voice.

Later, his name was divulged after hundreds of request letters had poured in asking for his name, and also for the publication of his stories in book form.

Publication of the stories might have presented a problem, as Alan told his stories ad lib, preparing no script, and merely sitting before the microphone recounting the tales in his own inimitable manner.

Fortunately his wife had taken down all his broadcasts in shorthand, so that when the B.B.C. did agree to the publication of the stories, complete scripts were readily available.

The stories when published were there in print exactly as they had been told, with all Alan's little colloquialisms and expressions carefully retained.

Station 2GB, in the task of finding an Australian announcer who would do full justice to the telling of Alan's stories, considered many leading artists, but eventually decided on John Dease.

English born and bred, with a bright personality and pleasing voice, Dease was a happy choice.

Through close study of the story scripts he brings to the session something of the genial cynicisms and gentle satire of A. J. Alan himself.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 23: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, May 24 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Gaudie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, May 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, May 26: Gaudie Reeve presents "Radio Competitions."

SUNDAY, May 27 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, May 28: Gaudie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."

TUESDAY, May 29: "Music From Other Lands."

FASHION FROCK SERVICE



"EMILY" and "DULCE"

super sports skirts

Both are made in a heavyweight, woollen-like material, boucle weave, and in delightful shades of light green, evening-beige, coral-pink, deep sky, mid-grey, or rich burgundy.

The design shows a trim waistline ("EMILY," with cute pocket effect) and twin boy-pockets at the front. Ready to wear only: 36 and 38in. hips, 33/11 (7 coupons); 40, 42in. and 44in. hips, 29/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/6; extra. When ordering please state name of skirt desired.

"ISOBEL"—trim jacket to match

Made in the same warm material is this smart, all-round jacket. It shows a high-fitting lapel, broad shoulder-line, and twin pockets at the low hip-line. Jacket is lined for extra warmth, but may be had at a lower coupon rating unlined.

Ready to wear only: 32 3/4in. bust, 32 3/8 (18 coupons, lined), 36, 38, 40in. bust, 32 3/8 (18 coupons, lined), 32 3/8 (10 coupons, unlined). Postage, 1/6; extra. When ordering please give bust, hip, length measurements. Also give second color choice. Be sure to include coupons.



F 6965

F 7491

F 3506

Fashion PATTERNS

F7544. — Exquisitely fashioned 3-piece lingerie set. Note treatment of bodice with its ruffled top, sumptuously frilled and ruffled hemline. Uplift brassiere top of the form-fitting slip will appeal to all women. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. for nightgown, 2 1/2 yds. for slip, 1 1/2 yds. for scanties, 36in. wide. Pattern 2/7.

F6965. — Charming floral frock. Clever cut gives width to shoulders, slimmest to bodice. Note also the decoratively draped pockets. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3506. — This very attractive coat will appeal to all young misses 4 to 10 years of age. Expertly cut pattern very easy to follow. Choose a warm, good wearing fabric. Requires 2 yds. 54in. and 1 yd. contrast 36in. Pattern, 1/4.

F7491. — Beautifully designed maternity frock and jacket. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F 7544

Needlework Notions
No. 306—MEN'S UNDERPANTS OR SHORTS
With the pattern clearly traced on a grand American twist of excellent quality and wearing ability, these underpunks are ready to be cut out and stitched together. Shades available: blue, grey, turquoise. Shaded available: fitted waistband and adjustable fly at each side of waistline and straight make up. 24 sizes 34 to 44. Postage, 6d. extra.

No. 305—MATCHING SHIRT
A ready-to-make in American twist (same as No. 306) in this shirt in shades of blue, grey, turquoise and natural. An open neck type and natural color into a wristband. Sizes: 20in. neck, 34 to 44 in. chest, 34 to 44 in. length. 20 sizes 16 to 22 in. neck, 34 to 44 in. chest, 34 to 44 in. length. 20 sizes 16 to 22 in. neck, 34 to 44 in. chest, 34 to 44 in. length. Postage, 6d. extra.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE COSTUME FRONTS

Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

No. 1—Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide.

No. 2—Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide.

No. 3—Requires 1 yd., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," in the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 4216, G.P.O., Perth
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane
TASMANIA: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 26/5/45



• PLEASE NOTE!—To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. * State size required.

* For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

FOR YOUR MENFOLK . . . BUY THIS
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
ALL-WOOL UNDERWEAR
NEVASHRINK
 made only by **Eagley**



Men who have already worn famous Nevashrink are unanimous in their praises for this Guaranteed Unshrinkable all-wool Underwear! They appreciate its rare softness—its cosy warmth—and revel in the fact that it retains its perfect shape and fit after every wash. All over Australia you will hear men saying, "There's never any 'squirmin'g' or discomfort when you wear Nevashrink." That's why they're so enthusiastic about it!

DESPITE REPEATED WASHINGS
IT REMAINS SOFT, FLEECY
AND PERFECT FITTING!



Another *Eagley* Triumph!

The boys in the fighting services know the hard-wearing, unshrinkable qualities of Nevashrink socks. Over 4,500,000 pairs have been supplied to the Navies, Armies and Air Forces of the Allied Nations!

Now they are available in Winter weight and a variety of gay colours for civilian use. See these all-wool, ribbed socks today. Only 2 coupons per pair and priced at 4/- throughout Australia.

NEVASHRINK SOCKS NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

You don't have to pamper Nevashrink garments. Wash them vigorously in warm, cleansing suds—they can't shrink because the actual cause of shrinkage has been removed by a unique process exclusive to Eagley. See this famous Nevashrink Underwear at your favourite store today—examine the complete range in light and heavy weight wool—and remember, Nevashrink costs no more than ordinary woollen garments.

A COMPLETE RANGE OF
STYLES AND SIZES FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Pastoral

Continued from page 19

THE Wing-Commander said, as if reluctantly, "Yes, I suppose I could arrange that if you particularly want to stay with him. Would you rather do that?"

"I would, sir."

"Why?"

The young man smiled awkwardly. "Well, sir—I always feel safe with Mr. Marshall. And I think that makes a difference, because you do your work better."

"I wouldn't say that you were any of you so safe last time," said Dobbie dryly. "It's a long way from here to Whitsand."

The sergeant protested: "But that was just a muck-up with the navigation, sir. What I mean is, Mr. Marshall knows how to nurse his motors, and he knows how to fly. I tell you, sir, you should have been with us that landing up at Whitsand. He put her down a treat."

"All right," said Dobbie. "If you want to stay with Mr. Marshall I'll see if we can fix it. You hit it off with him all right?"

The sergeant hesitated. "I like being with Mr. Marshall because he knows his job, sir. I wouldn't say but that he's been sharp with all of us lately, like as if he was worried or something. The others, they noticed it more because they've been with him longer. But I don't want to change."

Dobbie said, "All right, Cobble—I'll see if I can arrange things so that you stay with him. Now you can get off on your leave. Got your pass? All right. Have a good time."

The sergeant went out and the Wing-Commander sat thoughtfully at his desk for a few minutes. Presently he drew a sheet of newspaper toward him, got out his fountain-pen, and began to write a note to Corporal Leech.

It was his habit, whenever any of his flying personnel went into hospital whether for accident or casualty, to write a letter in his own handwriting. It was one of the little things that made him a good officer, one of the tiny cares that built up a good record of operational flights from Hartley Magna. He wrote:

"My dear Leech,

"I was sorry to hear about your bad luck over Mannheim, and I hope you aren't having too much trouble, and that you will be back with us before long. I have sent the rest of your crew off for a fortnight's leave, and it may be three weeks or a month before they go out again."

"I will send a temporary operator with them till you come back, if you want to go on with that crew, but if you specially want to be with some other captain, will you let me know? This is an opportunity if you want a change."

"If there is any difficulty over anything while you are in hospital, or if you want anything sent up from your quarters, let me know and I will do what I can."

"Yours sincerely,

"J. C. Dobbie, Wing-Cr."

He sealed the letter and addressed it. The W.A.A.F. sergeant put her head in at the door as he tossed it into the OUT basket. "Sergeant Phillips is here, sir," she said. "All right—send him in."

He turned to the door. "Morning, Phillips," he said. "You've seen Flight-Lieutenant Marshall? We decided this morning that you'd all better get in a fortnight's leave while your aircraft is put right."

"Thank you, sir."

The Wing-Commander sat down at his desk and made the rear-gunner sit down. He turned to his little book and frowned. "You seem to have been with Mr. Marshall a long time," he said. "Were you with him in his first tour?"

The gunner said: "That's right, sir. I did eighteen operations with Mr. Marshall in his first turn, and now twenty-four more."

"Quite a lot of operational flying," said Dobbie. "Beginning to feel you'd like to stay on the ground?"

Phillips shook his head. "No, sir." He enjoyed the relatively easy work of a rear-gunner, and he still felt a certain glamor in the job.

THE Wing-Commander said: "We shall have to make a change or two now. You'll have to have a new wireless operator, for one thing. In fact, I may have to do a good bit of shuffling the crews round in the next week or two. Do you feel you've been with one captain long enough? Would you like a change?"

The rear-gunner stared at him. "No, sir. I don't want any change."

"You're quite happy as you are, with Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes, sir. We've been together a long time. I wouldn't want to start with anybody new."

"You get on well together? I'm glad to hear it."

Sergeant Phillips hesitated. "We have our little troubles now and then," he said. "Like quarrels in a family, if you take me. But nothing to signify."

The Wing-Commander grinned. "I see. Been having one recently?"

"Well—you might say so. You know the way we register the grackle sight with the guns."

He launched into an involved technical explanation of the focus of his four Brownings. "The Armanent Officer, Mr. Higgs, he said I could have it my way, sir, but then Flight-Lieutenant Marshall came along and said it had to be like in the book and got real nasty about it. Not that that troubled me," he added quickly.

"I see," said Dobbie. "That sounds rather unreasonable, on the face of it. Is he often like that?"

"No, sir. It's just that he's been worried recently, I think."

"Do you know what he's been worried about?"

Sergeant Phillips was not a very quick thinker, but he knew well enough when he was treading on thin ice. He said carefully: "I think somebody shot him down, sir."

Involuntarily the Wing-Commander glanced at the calendar; his first guess had been a good one. "Somebody on the station?"

"I wouldn't know that, sir."

"I bet you do," said Dobbie.

He had a duty in this matter to perform. One of his best and most reliable crews had suddenly deteriorated. It was his duty to try to get them back into their original state of efficiency, to do everything within his power to get the matter right.

"Do you know who it is?" he asked directly.

"No, sir, I don't. I know who it might be."

"Who?"

The sergeant hesitated, feeling

Animal Antics



"We're sunk! I gotta sneeze!"

most uncomfortable. "He asked once if I could find out the name of one of the section-officers," he said. "Which one?"

"The one with black hair that does signals."

"You mean Section-Officer Robertson?"

"That's right, sir."

The Wing-Commander glanced at the sergeant. He sensed resentment, and knew that Phillips felt these questions to be unfair. "A very nice girl," he said quietly. "I'm sorry if she shot him down."

He got to his feet; the sergeant got up in relief. "All right, Phillips," he said. "Get off on your leave, and have a good time. I'll try to fix it so that you stay with Mr. Marshall if you want to."

"Thank you, sir," Phillips went out; immediately the W.A.A.F. sergeant came in. "Sergeant-Pilot Franck is waiting to see you, sir."

"All right, show him in." This was the last of them, this foreigner. He turned again to his little book, and was studying it when Gunnar Franck came in. The way this crew had stuck together!

He said to the big, red-faced young man: "Morning, Franck. I suppose Flight-Lieutenant Marshall has told you that you've got a fortnight's leave?"

The Dane said: "Yes, sir."

"Sit down. I wanted to see you for a minute just to tell you that I know it wasn't your fault your machine went off its course. I've had the whole thing from Mr. Marshall. He tells me that you passed him the correct course in writing, but that he set it on the compass wrong."

The sergeant said: "I have thought that I am very much to blame, sir. Always I look to see if the course is right upon the compass when there is a little time free. This time I did not look."

"Why didn't you look?"

There was a pause. Gunnar said at last: "I thought it might make Mr. Marshall angry if I look to see that he has done his work all right."

"I see." The Wing-Commander thought for a minute. "I know that there has been some friction in your crew," he said at last. He turned to the book before him. "You've been with Mr. Marshall a very long time," he said. "You did most of your last tour of ops together and all this one. Do you feel that's long enough? Would you like to go with some other captain for a change?"

The Dane said: "If Mr. Marshall wants me to stay in his crew, I would like to stay."

Dobbie said: "Don't think Marshall wants to get rid of you. This was my idea. I thought that if things had become difficult you might like a change yourself."

Gunnar said: "I would like to stay with Mr. Marshall, sir."

Dobbie stared at the red-faced young man before him thoughtfully. He knew Franck to be an intelligent, educated man, a medical student in his own country. He had a shrewd idea that this foreigner was really the backbone of the crew, the hard core of solid competence. He leaned forward a little.

Please turn to page 24

Swapping of children for holidays

CITY and country children would benefit by the formation of a mother's organisation to arrange for the exchange of children during the Christmas holidays.

Thousands of schoolchildren spend the major part of the long Christmas vacation at home.

Most parents cannot avoid this December-January is the busy harvesting season for many country people, while the average city worker only has a fortnight's leave annually.

I suggest that country and city parents take each other's children for a few weeks.

5/- to Mrs. H. J. McLean, 11 Douglas St., East Malvern, Vic.

Useful about home

PARENTS should encourage their boys to join the Scouts. This wonderful organisation is doing a fine job. Besides the boys learning to become good citizens they are taught many useful things. Two



Scouts I know always darn their own socks, a boon to a busy mother. They can also prepare and cook a simple meal.

5/- to Mrs. V. Lyons, 24 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

No time sense

IT is a good thing to remember that children have no sense of time, or rather, that its length or shortness have no relation to our measurement.

That is why punishments, however just and mild, which go on from day to day, are a mistake with young children.

5/- to Mrs. Florence Alley, 12 Soldiers Ave., Harbord, N.S.W.

What's on your mind?

Fairy tales

IN reply to Mrs. Braddon (28/4/45), fairy tales, if brought up to date, would lose all their glamor. We have all lived in a world of fantasy, and delighted in fairy tales as they are now, so why deprive our children of that pleasure?

The only child who despises fairy tales is the one who has outgrown the age of credulity.

5/- to J. Bestow, 9 Elizabeth St., Parkes, N.S.W.

Telephone for all

P.M.G.'s Department should install a telephone in every home, rent free. Payment of increased calls would offset the department's rental loss.

5/- to H. Cooke, 43 Kissing Point Rd., Turramurra, N.S.W.

Front view only

WOULD girls who are over-plump care to do the general public a favor by resolving never to wear slacks or shorts to the beach?

Few people object to the idea of girls wearing these clothes, but the over-plump ones offend the aesthetic sense.

If you must wear them, girls, at least remember the lines published in an English magazine: "Ladies in slacks should not turn their backs."

5/- to 433447 LAC Russell, J., R.A.A.F., Pacific.

No regulations wanted

MRS MADGE MORRIS (5/5/45) must be an exceptional cook and housewife if she cooks a hot meal every afternoon all year round.

If Mrs. Morris cannot work her schedule to allow her a few hours' freedom once a fortnight no amount of laws or reforms can help her.

I would like to keep laws and reforms, even wages for wives, right out of the kitchen. Why introduce rules and regulations in a woman's kingdom where she does as she likes.

5/- to Mrs. Bernadette Tully, 16 Sheffield St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of 2/- will be made for the first letter used, and 1/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Lunch problems

COULD lunch canteens be established in our State schools, where children could obtain a nourishing meal for a small fee?

Most mothers would willingly offer their services to this good cause, and if sufficient rallied would only be required to help for about two hours a month.

The committees persuing these canteens might also persuade the Education Department, when building material is available, to build lunch-rooms, and so save children sitting in the heat in summer and cold in winter.

5/- to Mrs. M. Noble, "Oriental," 316 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

Home-made needles

IN reply to the request for more knitting needles by Miss J. Hodgson (28/4/45) I was in the same predicament.

My father bought a curtain rod, about 4ft. long, for threepence, cut it into 4 needles, each 12 inches long. He sharpened one end to a point, and formed a small button at the other end to prevent the stitches coming off. Then he tapered the needle with broken pieces of glass bottles to the required size on the bell gauge.

A rub over with emery-paper made them smooth.

Now I have needles, sizes 3 and 6, the sizes I could not buy.

5/- to Mrs. A. F. Withers, c/o "Bellevue," Bingara Rd., via Barabara, N.S.W.

Too expensive

E. M. PEACOCK (28/4/45) states that it would be a good idea to adopt the metric system.

That would mean all the signposts on the roads would have to be altered, and all speed metres on cars and cycles. Butter and sugar would no longer be bought by the pound or half-pound, but by the kilogram or decimals of the same.

It would cost the Government so much that it is better to continue with the present system, even if it is not as good.

5/- to V. W. Higgins, 53 Gardeners Rd., Kingsford, N.S.W.

Caterpillar treads

WHEN peace comes again, and materials are again plentiful, what a boon it would be to country mothers if specially constructed prams were to be manufactured for use in sandy districts. In the Mallee and Wimmera many mothers have a difficult task pushing their prams about.

Couldn't some young genius design a suitable pram with cater-



pillar treads, similar to our war tanks?

Many mothers would be willing to pay a little more for a pram which would save them much weariness. How about it, you inventors?

5/- to G. M. Bannister, Box 206, Red Cliffs, Vic.

No means test

A MAN who was eligible for the old age pension at 65 years, but who has worked on till 74 years, should have the total pension granted to him without the means test when he retires.

5/- to Mrs. W. H. Hughes, 26 McDonald St., Mackay, Nth. Qld.

More stars for Europe

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

VE-Day found Hollywood's Victory Committee in a whirl of feverish activity lining up stars for European entertainment tours. The War Department has made a specific request for more Hollywood personalities in Europe.

At the same time the phones were ringing continuously, with the stars themselves calling the office and pleading to be sent overseas. Bette Davis, Jinx Falkenburg, Greer Garson, and Jimmie Durante are already signed up.

Bette is disappointed that she must first finish "Stolen Life." Thus she loses the chance of being the first star to entertain the Army of Occupation.

Though armies are being transferred from Europe to the Pacific war zone at a rate of probably eight hundred thousand in six months, it may take a year before the transfer is finalised, and then four hundred thousand will be remaining for an indefinite period.

Now the fighting has ceased the boys will not have the excitement of battle to stimulate them, and will need entertainment more than ever. The Victory Committee reveals that the Army "wants everybody they can get for longer periods of time to tour Pacific areas."

HUMPHREY BOGART confided his hopes to marry Lauren ("Baby") Bacall in seven weeks



BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS for Ann Richards when she visited the set of Columbia's "A Thousand and One Nights." Comedian Phil Silvers, Cornel Wilde, and Denis Hooey, who appear in the film, are shown helping Ann to blow out the one candle which decorated the cake which they presented to her.

when his former wife, Mayo Methot, obtains her Nevada divorce. Humphrey will marry Lauren on author Louis Bromfield's Ohio farm estate if Bogart can obtain time off from work on his current film, "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls," in which he stars with Barbara Stanwyck.

LORD and Lady Lawford, actor Peter Lawford's parents, have accepted small roles in Metro's "Pardon My Past."

MAKE-UP specialist Perc Westmore is working on a book for the Navy, which shows amateur theatrical units how to make-up for the stage. The boys in the South Pacific wrote to Westmore requesting information from him. He obliged with a special edition.

AUBURN-HAired Mary Astor is an inspiration to wounded veterans at Birmingham Army hospital. Mary teaches them the art of modelling daily before starting her new Metro film titled "You Were Beautiful."

Film Reviews

★★★ THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKIO

THIS is a factual film about General Doolittle's first historic raid over Tokio, and is adapted from the book of the same name written by Lieutenant (now Major) Ted Lawson and Bob Considine, who took part in the raid. It is a memorable and sincere effort.

It was also one of the most realistic war films that Hollywood has ever made.

Spencer Tracy as General Doolittle, Van Johnson as Lieut. Ted Lawson, and Phyllis Thaxter as his wife give sterling performances.

The scenes between Johnson and talented, sensitive newcomer Phyllis Thaxter are deftly handled, and their tender love story is beautifully done.

The film is best in its flying sequences, which move from the deck of the carrier Hornet to the bombing of Tokio, and end in wreckage and agony off the coast of China.—St. James; showing.

★★ SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER

THE basic idea of this film is a charming and simple theme of letting a poor family play host to an unknown soldier for one day.

Unfortunately Fox have spoilt it by heavy-handed sentiment and labored comedy and pathos.

Anne Baxter is the girl and John Hodiak the soldier. These two make an attractive romantic team, but their material is poor.

Charles Winninger as Grandpa

also makes the best of his poor lot. At times this film has moments of sincerity and tenderness, but such scenes are rare and far outweighed by a general feeling of phoniness.—Civic; showing.

★★ THE MASTER RACE

THIS RKO film gives a preview of post-war problems possibly encountered as Allies strive to bring order and comfort to distressed victims of Nazi oppression, while former Nazis are chased underground to continue the insidious poisoning of natives' minds against the Allied efforts of reconstruction.

There are no big stars included in the cast, but for a film of this type that is a distinct advantage, especially when the leading quartet are as splendidly cast as George Coulouris, Stanley Ridges, Carl Edmund, and Osa Massen.—Plaza; showing.

★ ATLANTIC CITY

IN some ways this Republic musical shows glimpses of the first-class entertainment it could have become, but the sketchy plot and dull dialogue are setbacks that are difficult to overcome.

Former cowboy hero Brad Taylor is starred as the romantic lead, and shows fine promise although his role is stereotyped. Constance Moore shares the limelight, and capably handles some attractive new songs. Old reliables like Charley Grapewin and Jerry Colonna do well.

The orchestras of Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong are inaptly worked in.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

Pastoral

Continued from page 23

"LOOK, FRANK," he

said. "I know that you and Marshall have been together a long time, and you've done wonderfully well together. Now, as far as I can make it out, some friction has arisen and you don't get on so well together as you used to. Well, that's nothing new, you know—it happens now and then, and I deal with it by shifting people round a bit. What I don't quite understand is why you don't want to be shifted."

The young man said: "If Mr. Marshall wants me, I would like to stay with him. I do not think that it would be good for you to fuss him with a new navigator just now."

The Wing-Commander nodded: "This was getting somewhere. 'He's worried over something, isn't he?'"

"For three weeks now, sir, he has been very worried. I think it is that which has made him angry over little things that do not matter."

"What sort of little things?"

The Dane smiled ruefully. "Always I make the figure seven with a cross, as we do at home. I cannot help it, sir—I try to make the English seven, and then I forget. Now for the first time Mr. Marshall has been angry that I make them so, and he goes on and on about my sevens, and I have been angry with him in turn. Last week I was coming to ask if I might become posted to another station, and then I did not."

Dobbie said gravely: "I see. But why are you so set on staying with him now?"

"I think it is not the right time to go. When things are not so good, then one should stay and help to get them right again."

The Wing-Commander sat in silence for a moment. His first feeling was confirmed, here was the backbone of the crew. This foreigner was quite prepared to go out again as navigator to a pilot who had insulted him and had made at least one technical mistake that had put them all in danger. Old comradeship still held these men together.

He said: "What's Marshall worried about?"

"I do not know, sir."

Dobbie said: "Do you know Section-Officer Robertson?"

Their eyes met. "I know Section-Officer Robertson," said Gunnar.

"I think she is a good young lady, but I think she has behaved very silly."

Dobbie thought of the wrecked aeroplane at Whitland, of Leech in hospital, of the hour that he had spent that morning in unravelling

the matter. "I couldn't agree with you more!" he said explosively.

He got to his feet, a little ashamed of that remark. "All right, Frank," he said. "I shall remember what you've said. I want you chaps to stay together if you can; it makes a big difference to the other crews. But I do realise that you can't if things become unpleasant. Leave it with me."

Gunnar Frank got up and went toward the door. "He is a very good captain, sir," he said. He looked up, smiling boyishly. "It is perhaps the spring. I think that you must lose a lot of aircraft in the spring."

The Wing-Commander said: "Get on with you. Have you somewhere to go for your leave, Frank?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. I have very good friends from my country living at Blackheath."

"All right. Have a good time." Dobbie dropped back into his chair and sat deep in thought. It was tricky, this—too tricky to be handled in a hurry. By giving them a fortnight's leave he had given himself time to think. When he had thought about it for a day or two he would have a word with Chesterton, and they would decide together what was to be done.

Gervase met Marshall in the ante-room before lunch. "Morning," he said. "I'm going off on leave this afternoon. I did want to ask you one thing before I go."

She said: "What's that?"

"Someone slipped a message to us on the W/T when we were in a spot. Did you do it?"

"Yes, I'm glad you got it."

"I'm glad you sent it."

There was a pause; they stood awkwardly together in the crowd, not caring whether anyone was looking at them or not. "Where are you going for your leave?" she asked.

"Just home, to Northwood."

She said awkwardly: "I do hope you have nice weather." And as she said it she thought despairingly, this is absurd. Last time we spoke to each other it was about getting married, and now this stupid talk.

They moved away, both miserable.

Gervase went through her afternoon routine restless and troubled. She went back to the mess for tea, and passing the letter rack she found a sealed envelope with her name unstamped. She opened it and saw it was from Marshall, and thrust it in her pocket unread. She

had tea quickly and went back to her quarters to read it in peace, unreasonably excited.

It said:

"As from, Crossways, 'Oakleigh Road, Northwood."

"Dear Gervase,

"I am not sure that I shall be coming back to Hartley. I've not been doing so well lately, and I think perhaps it's time I had a change. But what I want to say is this, I'm sorry I didn't thank you better for that message you sent with the fix. Up till the time I got your message I did everything wrong. After that I did everything right."

"This doesn't need any answer, but I just wanted you to know."

"Yrs,

"PETER MARSHALL."

She sat on her bed staring at this letter with a lump so high up in her throat that she could hardly swallow. The tone of it was so unlike the Peter Marshall that she knew. Gunnar had told her bitterly that Marshall had been different in the last few weeks; the letter told her he was different indeed. All the self-confidence was gone. The superman who had brought his crew through fifty-four or fifty-five raids over Germany and Italy hadn't been doing so well lately.

She sat staring at the carpet at her feet, sick with a new feeling of responsibility. She had done her best to put it to him nicely in the wood that day; she had done everything she could to avoid hurting him. But she had hurt him; she knew that, inevitably. She now knew that she had hurt him far more than she realised. Unhappily she realised that she now knew what had happened to R for Robert.

She got up presently and put on her cap; she felt that she must get out and get some air. She went out in the evening light to walk round the ring runway. She could cover it in fifty minutes. She went striding out of the camp into the quiet stillness of the field. There was no flying going on that night; the Wellingtons stood gaunt and spectral and deserted on their concrete runways.

She walked on, thinking hard and earnestly. Matters in R for Robert had gone desperately wrong. Unknowingly, she had started up the trouble; it was for her to put it right. The next move lay with her.

To be continued.

This Weeks Presentations **2GB** From **STAR THEATRE**

Monday Starring team Neva Carr-Glynn and John Tate in specially written plays. Every Monday, 8 p.m.

First Light Fraser Thrilling adventure serial of espionage, counter espionage, and international intrigue. Monday through to Thursday, 7.12 p.m.

Dr Mac The old family doctor solving his patients' problems as well as ministering to their ills. Monday and Wednesday, 8.45 p.m.

Speed Gibson An action-packed serial story of Speed Gibson's attempts to bring arch criminal "The Octopus" to justice. Monday to Thursday, 5.45 p.m.

The TODDS Terry and Grace, the "terrific" Todds, in hilarious domestic situations. Friday, 7.15 p.m.

Tintara Time Dance "Time for Saturday nighters. Music to set your feet tapping, and help your party go with a swing. Every Saturday, 11.00 p.m.

KEY STATION OF THE MACQUARIE NETWORK

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

May 26, 1945

The Australian Women's Weekly

25



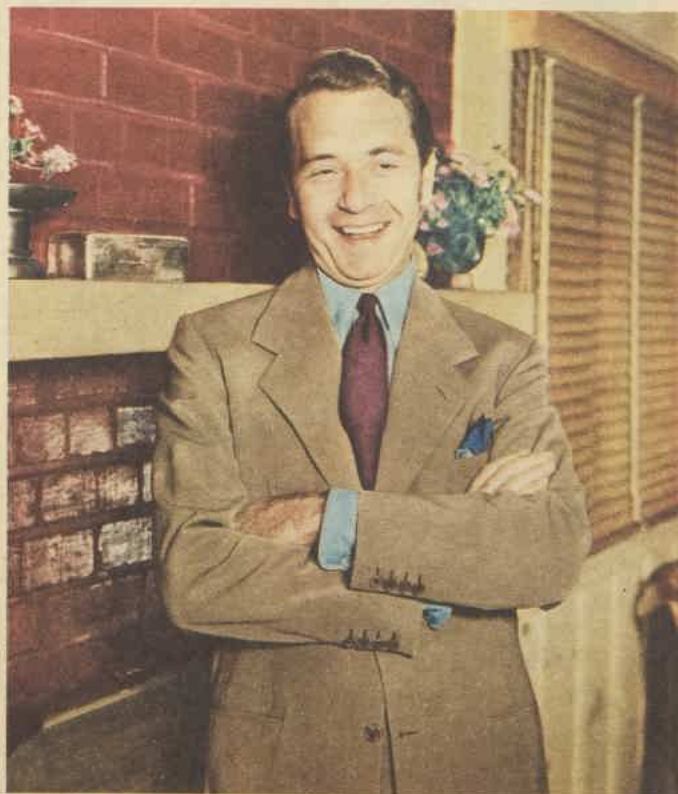
● JUDY GARLAND photographed at a Hollywood party. The 21-year-old star is engaged to director Ben Vincent Minelli, and they are planning a September wedding. Judy's next film is MGM's "Meet Me in St. Louis."



● HUMPHREY BOGART and LAUREN BACALL figure out a chess problem between scenes of Warners' "To Have and Have Not." They intend to be married in June, when Bogart's divorce from Mayo Methot becomes final.



● ROBERT HUTTON and BETTE DAVIS study their script on the Warners set of "Hollywood Canteen." Critics predict a fine screen career for Bob, and Miss Davis, ever willing to help young newcomers, has given him helpful advice and encouragement.



● PAUL HENREID, popular Viennese star, was enjoying a joke when photographed recently at his lovely ranch home. Paul co-stars with Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, and Nancy Coleman in "Devotion," Warner Bros. film of the famous Bronte sisters.

Movie World



"Vaseline" Hair Tonic has long been up in the fighting line — right there on the canteen shelves. Our troops have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends Dry Scalp and keeps hair in a healthy condition — even in that tropical climate. So, you will find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic difficult to buy—until the peace is won.

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
Ends Dry Scalp

Here Come the WAVES



1 TWINS, blonde Susie (Betty Hutton) and red-headed Rosemary (Betty Hutton), decide to join Waves. Rosemary disapproves of sister's crush on crooner Johnny.



2 THE SISTERS celebrate graduation at night-club, where they meet Johnny (Bing Crosby) and Windy (Sonny Tufts). Johnny shows interest in Rosemary.



3 STILL IN LOVE with Johnny, Susie is upset over his obvious preference for Rosemary, but cunningly schemes to turn the tables when he gets into the Navy.



4 BY SIGNING Johnny's name to a letter Susie has him withdrawn from active duty to recruit Waves. This move convinces Rosemary that Johnny is a coward.



5 WHEN JOHNNY plans to propose to Rosemary, Susie, assisted by Windy, borrows a red wig and impersonates her sister. In the middle of the proposal the wig falls off, and complications arise.

"This luxurious Beauty Bath makes you feel like new."

SAYS

Dorothy Lamour

Paramount star.



He: Darling, your skin is like rose petals—so soft and smooth.



Dorothy Lamour gives you a beauty tip you'll want to follow! "Lux Toilet Soap really makes skin lovelier—leaves it smoother, softer," she says. And her magnolia complexion is proof of what this pure, white soap can do. Use Lux Toilet Soap and soon your own skin will be flower-fresh, adorable. Tests show that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a very short time with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of every 10 Film Stars use LUX TOILET SOAP

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT.139.26



6 BEFORE the boys sail, Susie discovers Windy is her true love, and confesses the plot to her twin, and Rosemary forgives Johnny.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BECAUSE of transportation difficulties, Mark Sandrich, producer-director of Paramount's "Here Come the Waves," was not able to take the cast or technicians to Hunter College, New York, the initial training centre of the Waves (Women's Reserve of the U.S. Naval Reserves), where most of the action takes place. Instead, a second unit spent six weeks at the College shooting backgrounds of Waves at work.

Sandrich also insisted that no Waves be detained from their war work, maintaining that factual shots of their drills and labors would be more effective than anything else.

Reproductions of Hunter College were constructed on giant sound stages.

Skin Sores? Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Blisters, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Do you know?

Have you tried Kolynos Tooth Powder? Just as effective as Kolynos Dental Cream.



When a member of the Tjingilli tribe of aborigines has a tooth knocked out, it is buried by the side of a lagoon to make lilies grow.

In Turkey, a wooer tells the girl of his choice the funniest stories he knows. He wants her to laugh so that he can see whether she has a good set of teeth. Would your teeth pass the close-up test? Start using Kolynos and those teeth of yours will soon have that "let's-get-acquainted" sparkle. Kolynos gently polishes as it cleans... gives every tooth in your head a thorough antiseptic cleansing.



The Niam-Niams, cannibals of Central Africa, point their teeth so that they can use them to pierce the flesh of their enemies.

Arabian prophets say: "You shall clean your teeth, for this is a means of praising God." Kolynos Dental Cream takes such extra good care of your teeth, because it is so extra active.

Half an inch of active Kolynos has greater cleansing power than a full inch of lazy toothpaste. Kolynos is highly concentrated, because it's made from the formula of a famous dental surgeon, Dr. N. S. Jenkins.

Short Toppers and Lumberjacket Suits

• A version of the lumber-jacket suit in plum wool pencil-striped with navy is ultra-feminine despite its workman-like effect. Shoulder treatment matches the pocket on the smart trouser-skirt. (Left.)

• A tunic topper suit, which may be worn belted or loose. The yoke effect and raglan sleeves are accented by a wide welted band, which buttons the cardigan neckline. Made of violet-blue woollen with a matching slim skirt. (Below left.)

• A two-piece in plaid and plain material. The skirt is plaid and straight with a kick pleat — the belted topper softly tailored, the front dramatic with plaid revers and huge pockets outlined with stitching. (Above.)

• This suit features a lumber-jacket in brilliant green, raglan sleeved, casual, easy to wear, topping a sandy beige straight skirt that swings a gold chain from its hip-pocket. (Right.)

• New look for short toppers — back-flared, touched with fur, bright in color. Done in rich geranium-red heavy woollen, this one has caracul revers and pocket appliques. (Right.)

RMS

PRESENT FOR A MOTHER—



Two generations of Mothers have been using Curlypet. Curlypet's gentle anti-septic qualities keep baby's precious head so free of cradlecap and scalp irritation, and help baby's hair to grow beautifully lustrous, healthy and curly.

So, some tubes of Curlypet make the nicest and most useful present you could give Baby's Mother at every season of the year.

You can get Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store, and if you are far from town, pin 3/8 in Postal Note or Stamp to a piece of paper with your name and address, send it to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 1156, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail with full directions for use.

Keep a note of the number of your Postal Note until you have our reply.

CURLYPET

fortuna cloth

LAWRENCE LEONG

P.O. (Hankow), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)
CHINESE HERBALIST
Leading in Australia
CHALLIS HOUSE, MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY.
Telephone 82921



AZALEAS do best in semi-shade—south-east, east, or north-east—and, like most of this family, revel in acid soil, and hate lime. You can grow them in pots (note the beauty above with Jane Wyatt, RKO Radio player) and use them for house decoration.

Shrubs, trees, flowers, vegetables

FOR SHADY NOOKS

By OUR HOME GARDENER

THE condition of the soil, amount of protection afforded, and general care of plants sown and grown in shade to semi-shade, have much to do with their health and longevity.

Soil that is left undisturbed for years in a very shady place usually becomes sour and acid. This can and should be corrected by digging over and sensible liming.

Many of the plants that thrive in shade, however, object very strongly to lime—and this requirement should be carefully studied.

Annuals: Alyssum maritimum; amaranthus caudatus; calendula (pot marigold); candytuft; sweet alyssum; annual chrysanthemum; clarkia; coreopsis; cosmos; godetia; Virginian stock; phlox drummondii; mignonette; African and French marigolds; nasturtium.

Biennials: Campanula (medium and pyramidalis); foxgloves; lunaria biennis; forget-me-not; evening primrose and Iceland poppy.

Perennials: Japanese anemone; astilbe Davidii; auriculas; dicentra; most ferns; hemerocallis fulva; funkia; lilium pardalinum and many others; lobelia cardinalis; mimulus moschatus; phlox decussata; poly-

anthus; polygonatum; English primrose; saxifraga cordifolia; saxifraga umbrosa; sedum spectabile; spiraea aruncus; trilliums; troilus europaeus; wood anemones.

Rock Plants: Acaena (various); anemone hepatica; aquilegia; arenaria (various); cyclamen (hardy varieties); gentians (various); Iberis; iris (dwarf bearded and bulbous); primulas (various); ranunculus alpestris; saxifraga.

Bulbs and Tubers: Anemones; colchicum; lily-of-the-valley; crocus (various); cyclamens; daffodils; erythroniums; hyacinths (some varieties); leucojum (various); scillas.

Shrubs and Trees: Andromeda (various); aucuba japonica; berberis stenophylla; box; choisya ternata; cornus alba; cotoneaster buxifolia and microphylla; euonymus radicans; euphorbia wulfenii; hypericum calycinum; leucocystis formosa; ligustrum (privet); mahonia aquifolium; olearia hastata; polygala; pyracantha coccinea; most azaleas and rhododendrons; ribes alpinum and sanguineum; skimmia japonica; spiraea japonica; viburnum tinus and traversii; also V. opulus; and vinca major and minor.

Vegetables: Very few vegetables thrive in shade. They are mostly sun-worshippers. The following do moderately well in semi-shade: Parsley, mint, sage, Jerusalem artichokes, horseradish, rhubarb, lettuce (during summer only), silver beet.



PICTURE of two children in Danish concentration camp. Little chap shown left was born there. He is Kolya (Russian pet-name for Nicholas), son of Selkirk Pantton (well-known London "Daily Express" correspondent) and Mrs. Pantton, who were interned in Denmark after fleeing Germany in 1940. Family was released recently. Selkirk Pantton is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Pantton, Farnell Street, Curl Curl, N.S.W.

Signs of good nutrition

By SISTER MARY JACOB

MUCH study will be devoted to good nutrition in the near future, for whole communities and even nations in the Old World are suffering from malnutrition owing to the devastating effects of war, and many interesting and valuable discoveries are sure to be made in the field of dietetics.

However, the lack of food is not the only cause of malnutrition. Unfortunately, in our land of sunshine and plenty there are many cases of malnutrition through wrong choice of foods and the neglect of some of the laws of healthy living.

A leaflet dealing with the signs of good nutrition in the normal child has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

The proven treatment for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and all kindred ailments. Get a jar to-day, 1/6 and 2/6.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

IF THE HAIRDRESSER THOUGHT ALOUD:

I'VE DONE MY BEST BUT I CAN'T MAKE HER LOOK GLAMOROUS WITH THAT BLOTCHY SKIN.

Make a permanent appointment with "oomph"! Get rid of skin faults with **Rexona** MEDICATED SOAP

YOU'VE MADE ME SO HAPPY, JOY DARLING!

THINKS: I'D NEVER HAVE HAD SUCH A MARVELLOUS TIME IF REXONA HADN'T HELPED MY SKIN

THAT PRECIOUS skin of yours! So easy to keep it youthful, free of tiny blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona's medication is made specially to freshen a sluggish complexion, to cleanse pores of embedded dust and grease. Try it yourself. When you see how much Rexona helps, you'll never go back to other soaps.



10 PER TABLET
REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona Compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Turbith, and Benzyl Acetate—all recognized valuable Skin Medicaments.

X.36.26

Soothe TIRED BURNING EYES!
A drop of Murine in each eye night and morning will bring amazing relief. Ask your chemist.

MURINE
For Your Eyes

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S



TOO OLD AT 35
Care would have saved his hair

See any signs of baldness, or falling hair. Is it losing colour, too only dry, your scalp itchy and tender, the hair-line moved back from your forehead, the crown getting thin, dandruff worrying you? EVEN IF YOU'RE ACTUALLY BALD YOU NEEDN'T GIVE UP HOPE!

Thousands have benefited by reading THE MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON THE CARE OF THE HAIR FREE TO YOU! Here for the FIRST TIME in one graphically written absorbingly vital book is the true scientific story of your hair, contains vital facts about hair, the care you must take of it, how hair grows, why it falls out, danger signs to watch, how to combat dandruff. Check full of diagrams and pictures. You will read how I HAVE HELPED THOUSANDS ON AN AMAZING MONEY BACK GUARANTEE COURSE OF TREATMENT. Your copy of this book is mailed FREE TO YOU UNDER PLAIN WRAPPER.

BRIAN R. PEARSON, 17 Bond St., Sydney, Box 4083, G.P.O.
Please forward your free book. I enclose 5d. in stamps.
Mr., Mrs., Miss
Address

D.20.3.5



WINGED SNOOD: Take one straight edge of square and lay it across the top of your head so that the rest of scarf hangs down your hair at the back. This edge will be the front of your snood. See that it frames your face becomingly.



TIE TWO ENDS of scarf under your hair at back. If you are working with a small square or have a large head, you can pin these ends together at the nape of neck. Do not tie it too tightly but make it firm enough to stay in position.



NOW PICK UP the remaining two corners and bring them to the front, tying or pinning them on top of your head so that you have some flattering drapery in front and on top. Arrange the fullness into two wings of soft folds to suit your face.



WINGED SNOOD COMPLETE Its flattering wide folds each side are most becoming to a face that is either long or thin. To make it you need a scarf that is at least 27in. x 27in. or a gay square of material. Original was lovely Chinese red.

Cute little hats in a flash!

• These pictures show you how easy it is to twist and fold a gay square scarf into a flattering winged snood or saucy bonnet for day or night wear.



PAISLEY BONNET. A close-fitting peasant bonnet is wonderfully becoming for anyone with a short or round face, or with small features. To make this unusual hat you need a 27in. square scarf.



THE SECRET of making this bonnet lies in the folding. Put your square flat on a table and fold it in half, so that the fold is nearest to you. Now take the two top corners, fold top half back toward you, bringing edge to meet first fold.



TURN THE SCARF right over to the other side, so that the fold you have made is nearest to you. Now pick up all three thicknesses at the right-hand corner and fold the corners away from you, so that they come to the centre of the single edge.



TURN THE TRIANGLE so that the base is toward you. Pick up the top four thicknesses of the base and roll upward toward the point. Go on rolling till you are half-way toward the point, then lift up your bonnet and tie the rolled ends under your chin.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Healthy people are built - not patched

I HAD given Mrs. Wilkins a prescription for the treatment of her husband's illness.

"How much will these tablets cost?" she inquired.

"I don't know exactly," I replied, "but they are very effective, and I

know they are costly to manufacture."

"Don't you think medicine should be free?" asked Mrs. Wilkins. "If these tablets are expensive I won't be able to afford them."

"That's not an easy question to answer," I replied. "In the first place no medicine can be really free. Free medicine means the cost is distributed over all the people in the community."

"In New Zealand, the free medicine costs every man, woman, and child ten shillings a head every year. This does not include the enormous sums spent by the people on patent medicines, nor does it include the cost of those prescriptions which are not provided for by the Social Security Fund."

"But wouldn't free medicine improve the health of the people?" asked Mrs. Wilkins.

"That is doubtful," I replied. "Free medicine has always led to abuse of medicine as a way to health."

"While medicine has a definite place in medical treatment, the danger with free medicine is that it develops out of proportion to its rightful place."

"People get round to thinking that they can break all the health rules and then drink themselves back to health over the chemist's counter."

"But aren't the doctors mainly concerned with curing sick people?" Mrs. Wilkins asked.

"That used to be," I replied, "but, nowadays, medical science is becoming more and more interested in building up a nation's health by making sure that the people have the materials to build with—the right foods, good housing, child care, and healthy working conditions. While these conditions are so far below what should be, it seems to me that the first call on our public funds should be to improve them."

"But hasn't England had free medicine for years?" she asked. "Quite so," I replied, "but that same England has now realised that healthy people have to be built—not patched."

The brush that cleans



...and stays clean!

Nylex toothbrushes, because of their Nylon tufts, are hygienic to use as they do not become clogged with dentifrice. Nylex outlast other toothbrushes, too, for their tufts are anti-soggy and waterproof. Always ask for Nylex!

NYLEX NYLON TUFT 1/7 TOOTHBRUSH

A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., North Sydney.



"Chesty" Cough

RELIEF QUICK BY ONLY REMEDY INCLUDING ANTI-COLD VACCINE

Edinburgh Cough Mixture is the only remedy that includes the famous dissolved oral vaccine, Lantigen "A"—an anti-cold vaccine. Therefore, double benefit comes from its use—

1. Coughs and colds clear away quickly.

2. Natural resistance is raised to help prevent their return.

Edinburgh Cough Mixture does not irritate the tissues nor upset the stomach. It cannot harm the heart. The first, pleasant, soothing, warming dose tells you it's doing you good. Get a bottle to-day and prove this for yourself.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY.

Edinburgh Cough Mixture

CONTAINING LANTIGEN "A" THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

Fitting the figure
— so smartly
so snugly

The Quality Never Varies

HANRO
Underwear

SOLD BY LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH



Cakes Occasionally

● Rationed ingredients for recipes on this page can be made available by cutting and contriving with daily menus. What is a celebration without a cake!

By **OLWEN FRANCIS,**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

BUTTER is undoubtedly the finest shortening for any cake. Margarine, lard, or good beef dripping, however, make very worth-while substitutes.

When using butter substitute, increase the quantity of flavoring agent, essence or citrus rind, creaming it well with the shortening.

When reducing the number of eggs in a butter-cake recipe, add half teaspoon baking powder and a tablespoon of milk for each egg omitted.

Honey or syrup may be used in place of half the sugar in most cake recipes, reducing the liquid by one-fourth and cooking at a lower temperature.

In rich fruit cakes and gingerbread the honey may replace all the sugar. The use of honey or syrup in cakes keeps them moist and fresh longer.

The addition of mashed potato to a cake, about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup to 2 cups flour, assists in giving a fine, short, moist texture.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Quarter pound butter or other shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, 3oz. dark chocolate, 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk (fresh or sour), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream shortening well and gradually beat in sugar. Beat in the whipped eggs. Add chocolate to the boiling water and heat slowly until smooth and thick, and then cool. Sift flour and other dry ingredients three times. Add chocolate mixture to egg mixture, beating well. Fold in the flour alternately with milk and vanilla, folding to a smooth batter. Pour into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.), about 30 minutes.

HONEY COCOA CAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch of bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift flour, soda, and salt. Cream shortening, honey, and sugar. Beat in the eggs. Blend the cocoa with a little milk, and add. Add sifted flour and milk, mixing to a smooth, light batter. Cook in two greased bar-tins or sandwich-tins in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 30 to 35 minutes.

LEMON CURRANT PATTIES

One tablespoon dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 5 tablespoons self-raising flour.

Cream together dripping, sugar, lemon rind and juice until smooth and fluffy. Beat in the egg. Add the currants, and then the milk and sifted flour. Cook in greased patty-tins in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Serve freshly made.

HONEY PATTIES

Half a cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening (butter, margarine, or dripping), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice or milk, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Cream shortening with orange rind. Beat in the sugar and gradually beat in the honey. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons of the flour and add the eggs, one at a time, beating well.

HONEY PATTY CAKES, frosted and decorated with hand-made flowers. To make the roses, pipe royal icing round the tips of matches, and leave in upright position to dry. The forget-me-nots are piped on paper and left to dry, then removed with knife.

Add the remainder of the sifted flour alternately with the orange juice or milk. Spoon into greased patty-tins and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

ORANGE SLAB CAKE

Six ounces shortening, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 12oz. self-raising flour.

Cream shortening and sugar with orange rind. Beat in eggs one at a time. Stir in sifted flour alternately with the milk. Pour into a greased slab-tin (10in. by 10in.). Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. When cold, top with orange icing and serve in 1in. squares.

CREAMY MILK FROSTING

One teaspoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in milk and sugar, and stir until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture boils. Boil without stirring to 235deg. F. or until a drop of the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from heat and beat to spreading consistency.

ROYAL ICING

Eight ounces icing sugar, 1 egg-white, few drops lemon juice.

Sift the sugar well. Beat in the egg-white until smooth and soft and the mixture will hold its shape. Add the lemon juice and color as liked.

Use for piping ornamental work for cakes. Keep covered with damp cloth when using to prevent hardening in the basin.

CARAMEL FROSTING

One cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2 egg-whites, vanilla or almond essence.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water, and boil without stirring to the soft-ball stage (cold-water test) or 238deg. F. Cool and whip egg-whites, gradually pouring in syrup and beat constantly to spreading consistency. Add flavoring.

APPLE FILLING

Two cooking apples, 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Peel and core apples. Grate into saucepan and add lemon juice, grated rind, and sugar. Cook five minutes, stirring well. Cool before filling cake.

LEMON FILLING

One tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter.

Blend the flour with little of the water. Heat rest of the water, sugar, and rind of lemon. Stir in the flour mixture and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Add lemon juice and butter, and beat in the egg-yolk. Cook without boiling for two minutes. Cool before using as cake filling.



The **NEW COATS** are in!

from—
Adelyn
REGD.

AT ALL
LEADING STORES
Look for the Label!

New "thermal" Way to relieve Children's Colds

New Canadian Cream Rub acts 3 ways to Clear Stuffed-up Head and Break up Croupy Congestion.

Quicker—it's the better, faster, different, "thermal" way to treat colds... newly brought to this country—but long recognised by Canadian mothers as the most efficient external treatment for children's colds and sore throats.

If you like to treat your cold from the outside—then try the extra-quick, 3-way "thermal" action of Buckley's Wintrol Rub to break up congested, croupy, bronchial colds.

Peel its fast, soothing action clear smothering, stuffed-up head passages—make breathing easy. See how swiftly it brings a blessed, soothing comfort to sore, irritated throat lining. Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing "thermal" action stops shivery aches—keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night while its wonderful 3-way action drives out croupy congestion.

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment! Get it under control fast with this better—surer—quicker "thermal" treatment that has been proved by mothers in many blizzard cold winters. It's greaseless and stainless. Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub—any chemist.



TOAD IN THE HOLE, a winter recipe worth reusing. Mix a smooth batter of 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups of milk. Pour over sausage in a greased oven dish and bake in dish 45 minutes.

First prize goes to PUMPKIN PIE

● Try the pumpkin pie hot and topped with apple sauce. Serve the eggplant with cheesy spaghetti, the cod pie with grilled tomatoes, potato soup with feathery cheese scones.

THESE recipes have been selected from this week's mail as prize-winners.

Send in your favorite soups and entrees, wartime cakes and winter marmalades.

Share your findings with others. Cash prizes are awarded to all recipients published.

CHEESED PUMPKIN PIE

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup grated cheese, cold water, 1 1/2 cups cooked sieved pumpkin, 2 cups milk, 2-3rds cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 beaten eggs.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening and cheese, and mix to a dry dough with the water. Turn on to a floured board and knead slightly. Roll thinly and line a pie dish. Combine sieved pumpkin, milk, sugar, cinnamon, ginger, and salt with the beaten eggs. Fill into the pie dish and bake in a moderate oven until set.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Renault, Prospect, South Launceston, Tas.

COD PIE WITH POTATO CRUST

For the crust: Three ounces self-raising flour, 1lb.2. clean fat, 6oz. mashed potato, 1 teaspoon salt.

Three-quarters of a pound salted cod, 1lb. sliced cooked carrots or swedes, 1 pint parsley sauce, 1lb. sliced cooked potatoes, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Place fish in a pan with just enough water to cover, add vinegar and bring to the boil slowly. Simmer 10 minutes. Drain well. Place a layer of fish on the bottom of a greased dish, season with lemon juice, cover with a layer of sauce, then a layer of vegetables. Continue until all ingredients are used.

Choko marmalade

TWO pounds chokoes, 3 lemons, 2lb. sugar, water. Peel and dice the chokoes and shred the rind of 2 lemons very finely, discarding white pith. Cover with water, and simmer until the chokoes and peel are tender. Add the sugar and lemon juice, and cook fairly quickly until the mixture jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle and seal.

This is a much better preserve than the choko orange honey recipe published on this page recently. The flavor of the choko orange honey recipe was delicious, but on further testing in our kitchen it was found to be improved by adding enough water to cover the chokoes, and by doubling the quantity of sugar.

Make the crust by sifting the flour, rubbing in the fat, adding the mashed potatoes and mixing to a stiff dough with the water. Roll out on a floured board and place over the fish mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Burns, 504 Glenhumpy Rd., South Caulfield, Vic.

CREOLE EGGPLANT

One eggplant, water, 1 dessertspoon fat, a few shallots, pinch dried marjoram, 1 bay leaf, pinch rosemary, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups tomato puree, 1 teaspoon salt.

Slice eggplant in 1/2 in. pieces, simmer until tender in a covered dish with a little water. Melt the fat, add chopped shallots, salt, marjoram, bay leaf, and rosemary. Fry slowly, adding chopped parsley at the last, so that it is fried but not burnt brown. Add tomato puree, simmer a few minutes. Pour over eggplant and simmer 10 minutes. A slight browning, almost scorching at the edge, improves this dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. C. Smithers, 2 Hilltop, 224 Clovelly Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

Four potatoes, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon good dripping, 2 cups potato water, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch nutmeg, pepper, and salt to taste.

Slice onions finely and cook in melted fat in a tightly lidded pan for 10 minutes. Add thinly sliced potatoes, cover with water and cook gently until tender. Strain, saving the water. Blend flour with potato water and milk, add sieved vegetables and beat thoroughly. Bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Cook gently 3 minutes, add parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Delicious.

Breakfast briefs

EGGS, in one form or another, are traditional breakfast fare. Save up your allowance for appetising breakfast service.

QUICKLY cooked breakfast cereals make it easy to get breakfast on the table in a hurry—if hurry you must.

VARY the breakfast toast by using wholemeal bread, raisin bread, nut leaves, fresh or toasted scones, waffles, griddle cakes.

THE unrationed meat sundries—kidneys, brains, sweetbreads, tripe, liver, sausages—are excellent for light meat dishes for the breakfast menu.

DON'T make breakfast a casual "slap up as slap can" meal; it needs planning as carefully as any meal.



SAVE FUEL and washing up by using one large pot for 2 or 3 vegetables. Tie each variety of vegetable in muslin square, as demonstrated by Frances Gifford (MGM), or in cooking parchment.

served with freshly grated sharp cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Braddon, 42 Huntley's Pl. Rd., Gladsville, N.S.W.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and following the Menthoid Diet Chart.

Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, failing memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way, start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—10 banish aches and pains, improve circulation, purify your blood, and give you new energy and good health.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Get a 6/6 flask of 30 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 2/6 (12-day) flask of 30, from your nearest chemist or store to-day.

Be Sure to Get
Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOIDS

Don't Neglect

A Common Complaint, It May
Lead to Serious Results

When people, generally, understand that many diseases almost invariably begin in a simple case of Piles, they will learn the wisdom of taking prompt treatment for the first appearance of this trouble. DOAN'S OINTMENT is unequalled for every form of Piles—Bleeding, Itching, Protruding, and Blind Piles, and hundreds of lives have been saved by using this cheap but effective remedy right from the start, because at such times a single tin has often effected a cure, while in the old deep-seated, chronic cases, several tins are sometimes necessary.

Doan's OINTMENT is healing, antiseptic, and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming Eczema and other skin complaints. But be sure you get DOAN'S.

HAPPY FAMILIES



MRS. BOBBY, THE POLICEMAN'S WIFE

If Mrs. Bobby, wife of Copper

Buys sissy soaps she cops it proper.

"Grimy hands won't do", growled Pop

"To make a line of traffic stop,

But SOLVOL gets hands clean and white

It sure arrests the dirt alright!"



HAPPY FAMILIES USE SOLVOL

SAXA
The most popular
packet salt

YOU'LL GET IT AGAIN—WHEN
PEACE COMES.

S.77.01



**WHEAT
FOR
HEALTH!**

WHOLE wheat is one of the seven basic foods that scientists say are essential to life—so for the sake of your family's health serve more whole wheat products in your home! Keep a packet of Weet-Bix handy on your pantry shelf and serve these famous Australian breakfast biscuits regularly with milk and sugar in the mornings—with stewed fruits at night—and split and buttered instead of bread between meals. Made by the Sanitarium Health Food Company in such a way that little of the original whole-grain nourishment is lost during manufacture you'll find Weet-Bix save time in the kitchen and give grand eating enjoyment as well! Sold by every grocer in Australia!

Weet-Bix
THE NATION'S
BREAKFAST BISCUIT!



**Serve Weet-bix
HOT or Cold!**

On chilly mornings try serving Weet-Bix with HOT milk! You'll find that it brings out their delicious malty flavour to the full—besides being much quicker than ordinary porridge. Just pour the hot milk on top of the Weet-Bix and it's ready!

W 156-3884

MADE IN THE COUNTRY BY THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY